

The ANIMAL BOOK

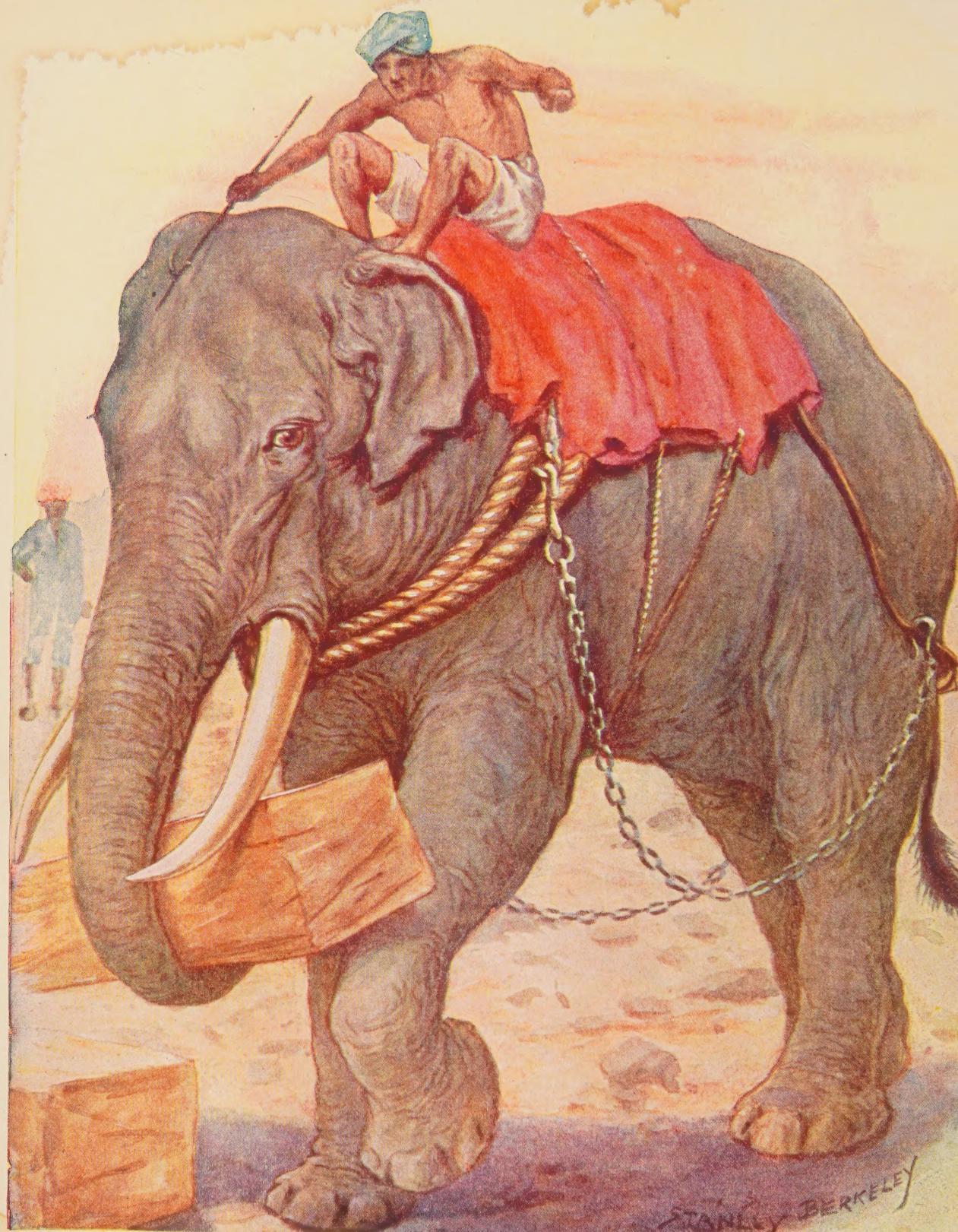


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THE ELEPHANT

STANLEY BERKELEY

The Animal Book

Pen Drawings by
Howard L. Hastings



CUPPLES and LEON COMPANY
NEW YORK.



PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA



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AFRICAN ELEPHANTS

HOW slowly and carefully the huge Elephant in the Zoo moves along! He looks like a great patient nurse as he carries a load of cheering, laughing boys and girls on his back. "Better be careful," he seems to be thinking; "mustn't jog them about too much. Nice to be able to give a treat to the little chaps; and aren't they enjoying it!" But, dear me! what a different way he used to behave in his old home on the wide plains of Africa years and years ago.

For this particular fellow is an African Elephant. He seems much the same to our eyes, perhaps, as his Indian cousin, but there *are* differences, if we know how to look out for them. To begin with, this African Elephant is the larger of the two,

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and is darker in color. Then he has larger ears and larger eyes; and while the Indian Elephants are not famous for their tusks, their relations in Africa are very valuable big game indeed, if only for the ivory that their splendid long tusks afford.

The African Elephants are much more dangerous than the Indian Elephants, too, and that may be the reason, partly, why they have never been trained to help in the work of their country as their Indian cousins have. No doubt they would toss up their tails and trumpet at the very idea. They love their freedom, and they mean to keep it. They fear man, and they mean to keep away from him. And the few of them that are captured, and shipped away from their land to be shown in Zoos, must have very different memories of the life that they used to lead.

What kind of memories? Oh, jolly, jolly, ones. The Baby Elephant in Africa joins with its mother on her journeys only a week or two after it is born, and is a very game little creature indeed, with adventures from the very first. Of course, it has no tusks, this baby—though to call it “little” and “baby” seems rather ridiculous, as it weighs two hundred and forty-five pounds at birth, and is quite as large as a sheep; but its trunk is there all right, groping about and finding out all about the world, like a great big movable finger. It can fan itself with its big ears, too, just as its mother and father do in the hot weather—nobody seems to have to teach it that. It is funny to see the Baby Elephant having its first meals: with its head below its mother’s fore legs, turning back its small trunk, and drinking, drinking, drinking its fill of milk; for little Elephants are six months old before they begin to learn the way to feed themselves with soft grass and leaves by the help of their own waving trunks.

The Elephants choose their homes away deep in the very

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quietest, stillest part of the forest. There they feed most of the day, and at sundown, they make their way to the nearest watering-place. A herd of them goes together at a good swinging pace, very much unlike the steady tread of the tame Elephants of the Zoo. Very often it is a family herd, with the mothers and babies going in front to set the stride, and the huge father Elephants coming along behind. There is always a leader to every herd, whose commands must be obeyed; and if danger appears, one of his orders will be for the mothers and children to fall behind the stronger members of the company. Danger sometimes means — MAN. Wild Elephants have a terror of man; and I have read that if a child passes at a quarter of a mile to windward of a herd, that is sufficient to put a hundred Elephants to flight.

There is little wonder, really, that African Elephants are afraid of man; they have been hunted to the death for generations and generations. Elephant hunts were the sport of kings very long ago. The ivory from their tusks has always been coveted by traders as well as hunters. The natives find the great beasts useful, too, in many ways. The flesh of the Elephant is used by them as food, its trunk and feet being supposed to be particularly delicious, and its fat is greatly valued. Its hide makes shields for them, waterbags for their journeys, and whips for their steeds; while its ivory will always fetch its price.

But Elephant hunts by the African natives are not only undertaken because of the value of the animal; often these hunts are necessary on account of the dreadful damage that the great wild creatures do. For they have appetites that match their tremendous size, and on their way to the river at night they think nothing of plundering crops; of tearing up whole groups of trees with their trunks, just to chew up the roots and branches

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and get at the sap. With their sharp tusks, too, they plough up whole miles of ground in search of bulbs; and over newly sown land whole herds will tramp, making a waste as they go. They are always a little afraid of fences, but they mean to get to the water all the same.

It must be a fine sight to see them drinking and watering themselves after the heat of the day. Without bending its head, the Elephant dips its long trunk into the water, and filling it, puts it to its mouth. A second trunkful is then probably used for bathing purposes; and after that, the whole herd, as likely as not, may go for a swim for a few miles down the stream, the young ones being held up by their mother's trunk as soon as they feel tired, or climbing up to her back and sitting there when they feel inclined to take a rest.



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Elephants are very sociable and affectionate with each other. A sportsman was once obliged to leave a wounded Elephant in the South African Bush, while he returned to camp for more ammunition. On his return, many hours afterwards, he saw from some distance that the great beast was standing, unable to move on account of its broken leg, but trumpeting loudly for help. Its calls were answered by another elephant, which came up, gave the sufferer a drink of water from its own trunk, and then did its best to help the wounded friend to escape into the Bush again. This story may seem strange, but there are many other tales told by the natives of the ways in which Elephants help each other from traps and pitfalls, and warn each other of danger.

But Elephants can be fierce enemies for all that. They do not, as a rule, attack man unless they are provoked; but if they *are*, there is no sport so dangerous in all the world, perhaps, as Elephant hunting. Female Elephants have been known to give chase to well-mounted sportsmen, and to overtake them, killing them with their tusks and feet. They are cunning and clever enemies, too, who will turn suddenly and charge at the unsuspecting hunter, for whom there is little escape. The African natives attack them with javelins and spears; the sportsman follows him either on foot or on horseback, with hopes of placing a bullet behind the great beast's ear; while a particularly fierce and warlike tribe of Arabs is said to face a charging Elephant with no more defence than a sword and shield. Dr. Livingstone gives a very interesting account of an African Elephant hunt which he once had the luck to watch.

He was wandering alone amongst some rocks, some way from the village which he had made his home for the time being, when he noticed a female Elephant and her calf playing at the end of a valley at some distance. The baby was

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enjoying itself in a mud-bath, and the mother was fanning herself from the heat with her great ears. Both were innocent enough, and had no idea that on the other side of them a whole string of men was approaching. The native hunters gave no sign of their approach until they had come quite close to their quarry, and then they began to call out and sing. "O Chief, Chief! we have come to slay you . . ." they sang continuing the verses of the natives' killing-song.

This seemed to frighten the Elephants. They stood to attention and listened; and the little one began to run up the valley, but it saw the men, and returned to its mother for protection, and she put herself between it and the danger which seemed to be coming upon them. She looked at the men and seemed half inclined to attack them. Then she glanced at her child, and seemed to decide to stay beside it; and all the time the men drew closer and closer, driving the pair a little nearer to the river as they came.

When the hunters had reached a spot which stood about sixty feet from their prey, they began to shoot. Javelins filled the air; several of them glanced off the larger Elephant's back, and some of them remained sticking there. She began to run for her life, with blood pouring from her wounds, while the baby, which seemed to be quite forgotten, took refuge in the river and was drowned. But the large Elephant did not run very far. Suddenly she turned, charged amongst the men with great fury, and raced right through them, as they still threw their spears at her. Then she charged again and again, each time being wounded in fresh places, and losing more blood in the fight. "At last she staggered round, and sank down dead in a kneeling position."

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I DO not know what India would do without its Elephants; in that country these beasts are not their own masters, as are their African cousins. No, in India all Elephants are valued for what they can do; they are trained for use. No one may shoot even a wild Elephant without payment of a heavy fine, unless it has been dangerous to man or destructive to crops, and a great many are brought over to that country every year from Ceylon.

For hundreds of them are used in Government's service. They lift and carry weights; they drag beams and logs, and put them tidily into place; they draw gun-carriages; they load boats quickly and skilfully; they can drag a weight of between 1,700 and 2,200 pounds, at a steady pace of about four miles an hour. They are intelligent enough, too, some of them, to know when work hours are over, and then—well, they won't do another stroke.

But, to become so clever as all this, they must be first trapped, tamed, and trained, for in their wild state the jungle Elephants of India and Ceylon are not at all keen to be the servants of man; indeed, they are terrified of man, just as frightened as the African Elephant are. Even a log of wood that has been cut by a man's hand makes them so suspicious that they will not venture near it, and a fence fills them with dreadful fright. How are they to be trained, then?

Well, of course, the training takes time and patience; but before even the training, the capture of the Elephant comes first. Sometimes they are taken singly, sometimes in troops. Far more exciting must be the capture of a whole herd of Elephants, of course, but to take a single one needs a very great

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deal of cleverness and patience. After tracking down their beast, the natives first aim at catching one of its legs in a noose of very strong rope. This is attached to a huge tree, and a second leg is caught in the same way. Presently all four legs are lassoed and held fast, and the native captors encamp beside the tree to which their captive is secured, and stay there perhaps for weeks, while they train him by degrees to be tame enough to be taken away. Very often tamed Elephants are helpful then; they are tied to the captive after a time, and harnessed to him; he gets his first walk, which leads in the direction of the keepers who are to train him in the way that he shall go. A strong iron goad is used a good deal in the first stages of that training, but after a while, when the Elephant begins to be obedient and willing to learn, he is generally treated very kindly indeed; some of the wild creatures becoming so

fond of their trainers that they will obey them at once, understanding not only the words that are used in speaking to them, but the tones of voice as well.

A pair of sportsmen, Elephant hunting in Ceylon, were once told by the natives that wild Elephants were doing great damage to the water-way some miles off, and that the forest was flooded, because every night the great beasts broke down a new dam on their nightly march to the drinking-place.



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This seemed good news to the hunters, and they set off with a band of natives, who knew nothing whatever about rifle shooting, but who had offered themselves as guides.

It was soon quite plain to see how much damage the Elephants had done. Part of the forest was flooded, the stream banks broken down, and the great beasts' nightly thoroughfare was easy to find by the spoor that they had left. The sportsmen were wondering if they should have luck and fall in with the herd, when, quite suddenly, one of their guides called to them in great excitement, telling them to mount the broken dam to take a look into the lake beyond.

And there was a remarkably fine sight. Twenty-three Elephants of different sizes, males, females, and young ones, were gambolling there: bathing, watering themselves; drinking, sporting, and enjoying themselves finely. But they were too far off to be fired at, and they were wading too deep in water to be followed on foot; also, they did not seem one bit inclined to change their quarters for others from which they could be more easily shot.

One of the sportsmen, however, thought of a good dodge. Telling some of the natives to make their way up stream above the herd, and then to shout their loudest, he and his companion made tracks down again to the old dam which bore the marks of having been the Elephants' thoroughfare for some time. "They will be frightened down stream, and they will be certain to take their usual course," he thought.

Everything happened at first exactly as he wished. The shouts of the natives were so ear-splitting and frightful that the whole herd, with tails and trunks waving, came madly flying for their old thoroughfare. Nearer they came, and the sportsmen settled themselves in wait for them at the exact spot where they would be certain to pass, while the natives who had stayed

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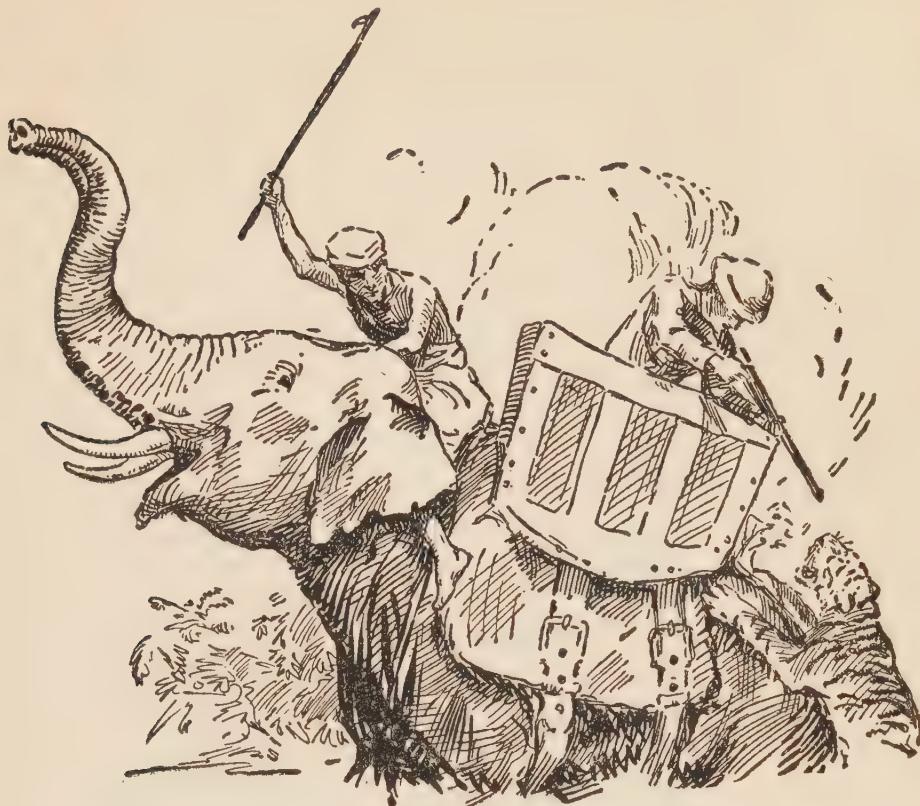
beside them began to feel a little nervous—to wonder what might happen next—and they made their way for safety up into the branches of some trees, evidently thinking that discretion was the better part of valor.

Meanwhile, the sportsmen's hearts beat high as the rush of wild trumpeting Elephants came nearer. Crouched behind trees, as still as death, they cocked their rifles and waited. They meant to let a good number of the herd pass, and then to fire right and left, and secure as good a bag as any they had ever had the luck to get in their lives before.

And then—the deep laid plans of sportsmen “gang aft agley”—the unexpected happened. Just as the leaders of the huge herd were within twenty yards of the hunters, there came a faint noise from overhead—the sound of the timid natives hurrying up the trees to the higher branches, in their terror of the Elephants. It was not much of a noise, perhaps, but it was enough to warn the terrified beasts. Trumpeting wildly, round they turned. The whole herd rushed madly in another direction, and though the disappointed sportsmen made a dash for it, and bagged four or five of the great creatures, the rest of the company made off into the deep waters of the lake again, and were gone, from the hunters' point of view, for that day at least.

Three hunters had heard from the natives of a certain Indian village that a whole family of tigers was known to be making its home in the jungle near at hand, and they decided to try their luck at exterminating the unwelcome visitors; so accordingly one of them posted himself in a tree with his rifle, while the others beat through the thick undergrowth on the back of a small female Elephant. At first all went well and fairly easily—the officer posted in the tree was able, owing to his friends' exertions, to shoot two tigers one after the other;

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then one of the others in the howdah sighted a third great beast, and fired at it too, but with less success than his friend. For the tiger, with terrific rage, charged for the Elephant's head, and attacked her trunk and eyes, mauling her badly; and then, when at last it had been shaken off by strong blows from one of the native weapons, it charged again, caught the Elephant's hind leg, and fairly pulled her over.

It was a ticklish moment, not only for the Elephant, but for the sportsmen too. One of them had his arm pinned between the howdah and the body of the man-eater, who was meanwhile trying to pull the native from his seat. In the excitement, indeed, every man-jack of the party was upset to the

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ground, guns and all. The Elephant fled in panic, and the tiger was finally pursued by the hunters on foot, and polished off by a lucky shot through its head. As for the poor Elephant, she did not long survive the injuries she had received, and although there are not very many occasions when a tiger actually does an Elephant to death, yet a grave had to be dug for this particular one before the hunt was over; for two more tigers, evidently of the same family, were sighted very soon afterwards, and though one of them fell to a clever shot, yet the last of all, a particularly fierce man-eater, gave the hunters a peck of trouble.

It was at the most scorching hour of a scorching day that one of the officers made his way on the back of another Elephant towards the spot where this last tiger lay in the thicket. It was the hour when the jungle beasts take their rest from the heat. All round, as the hunter pressed forward, fowls rose from the shelter of the bushes, and small wild animals bolted from the undergrowth. Native scouts were hidden in trees round the cover where the man-eater lay, and the new Elephant was directed towards them. Soon he began to scrape the earth, and to give the well-known frightened call which meant that he, as well as the scouts, could see or scent the quarry. Then the sportsman's heart beat suddenly high—if a little more quickly than usual, too!—for the native Elephant driver whispered to the occupants of the howdah that he could see the tiger lying under a thick “jáman” bush not very far away.

There were stones in the howdah, and—rap, rap!—a native servant had pitched some of them towards the spot where the man-eater might lie. Then came a ROAR, and the beast rushed out and disappeared in amongst the bushes again, while two shots followed him, one after the other, as he tried to get away.

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But the sportsman had had the forethought to cut off any possible retreat. A pad Elephant had been posted at the top of a high bank, blocking the man-eater's only way of escape; so back he had to come again, and back he came, charging and roaring with all his angry, frightened might.

Try to imagine how close the jungle growth must have been just there, matted and twisted and twined and thick. It was impossible for the hunter to see the tiger, and until the great beast was within twenty yards of him he could no nothing. Then he fired, and with such effect that the wounded beast came on more savagely still.

And then—well, the officer was just in the act of aiming again when his Elephant swung suddenly round without warning. Frantic movements of terror the great beast made, too, and there was a frightened sound from the natives at the same time; and suddenly, then, the hunter saw that another passenger was trying to force his unwelcome passage into the howdah from below—no other than the great tiger himself! He had leaped upon the Elephant's back, and with his great claws pressing into the poor beast's flanks, he was coming slowly and steadily on.

It was a brave finish for the man-eater, but his finish it was; for, leaning over, the hunter, strong in nerve and steady in aim, sent a volley of shot clear into the great creature's head. He dropped "like a sack of potatoes"—so the story goes—his day was done. My story should be done, too, for my space is filled, but I must add one word for the Elephant, who seemed as delighted as was the hunter at the success of the day. Trumpeting with delight, it rushed towards the body of the man-eater, and the war-dance which it stumped over the enemy carcass was so spirited and gay that it nearly overturned the howdah again in its glee.

LIONS

THE Lion is the King of all Beasts. Far away in Africa, he is fierce lord of the forests and plains. Deep in the Indian jungle he lurks and prowls; and here at home his blood relations sit quietly at our fireside thinking of *their* hunting too!

For the cat, who stretches her limbs out and rests so dreamlessly before the fire through the daytime, is a prowler, and a hunter when night falls. Tame cats, as we call them, are not always tame by any means; and birds, mice, and small animals which fall victims to their cruel claws must think them very fierce beasts indeed. Yes, if we are anxious to know almost exactly how the Lion waits in ambush for his prey—how he crouches under cover, springs, and seizes it—there is a way of finding out that is far better than just by reading all about his ways in books. Watch Puss as she tip-toes out in search of food; see how noiselessly she treads on her cushioned feet, and notice how she takes care to hide under every single bit of cover that comes in her way; watch her crouch under a bush, perhaps, to see the movements of young birds on a bough close by; then you will see her sudden spring, and the strong, clever blows that she can deal with those “soft” paws of hers as soon as the prey is her own. If we study Pussy’s hunting carefully, we can get a very good idea indeed of the way that the Lion hunts his prey.

Baby Lions are not at all unlike our own kittens; though I have heard people say that in size and color they are just like little pug dogs. They are sweet little cuddlesome chaps, with such tremendous appetites that their affectionate father

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and mother must hunt extra hard if the children are to have as much to eat as they want—that is, when they are old enough to ask for meat, of course, for milk at first is the Lion cubs' food, just as it is the food of kittens, young tigers, and many baby beasts.

In color they are like their parents—tawny; but there are al-

ways brown markings on the cubs' coats, which disappear as they grow older. And there is a reason for the tawny color of the Lion's coat—it is another bit of Mother Nature's camouflage. The King of the Beasts was born to be an animal of the plains; and in Africa, which country is said to be his kingdom, he generally makes his home in great open stretches. In the distance it is difficult to see him there, because the color of his coat is so much the same as that of the ground over which he passes; and he can follow his prey unnoticed, or he can escape from his enemies without being seen half so soon as he would if he were moving along against a background of bright green grasses or deep blue water. He is helped in the hunt and protected in the chase by the color of his coat; and even if he be overtaken in a forest, he has learned to hide himself behind a piece of brown bush, or to watch for his "kill" from under the cover of some brown tree trunk.

The Lion spends most of the daytime in resting, or in lurking beside some river. He is often thirsty after his last night's supper, so he wants to be able to go down to the water-side to drink. Daytime is not his hunting time—though that does not mean that he will let the chance of a tit-bit pass



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should a deer, an antelope, or some other prey come near his lurking-place: then out springs the Lion. But it is at night that his hunting time really begins. And he has different ways of tracking and taking his prey; some of them he uses on some nights, and some of them on others.



One of his ways is to go down to the water-side and there to roar and roar and roar his loudest, till the smaller animals are all so terrified at the sound that they race about in fear, unable to think in their terror which is the safest way to take; and so at last they run straight into his great, wide, hungry jaws. Another of the Lion's ways is to join forces with a partner, with whom he makes his night plans. Soon one of the pair is chasing a herd of frightened deer towards the lair

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of the other, who springs out as their victims approach, and does the killing for two. Then, on other nights, the King of the Beasts prowls round at his leisure, searching for a particularly fine meal. His great glowing eyes glare like fires as he lies in wait, and his body is very still as he crouches ready to mark and spring. He may choose a bull or even a buffalo for his supper, but he has a wise dread of the weapons of these beasts, and springing on to the back of his prey, he clings there, doing business with his great strong claws and his huge jaws, and keeping well out of the way, meanwhile, of the victim's sharp, fierce horns.

Lions, however, are not always satisfied with the prey that the forests and plains afford them; sometimes they make for flocks and herds, and in many districts of Africa the natives suffer dreadful loss. The Arabs often arrange hunts, and a wide ring of men surrounds the Lion's lair—narrowing itself down gradually until at last the prey is brought into view of the hunters. Then they all fire together at a given signal. Sometimes the Lion bursts through the ring and escapes, and sometimes he is brought down by one of the shots and finished off by others. There are great rejoicings, of course, amongst the natives when a Lion is killed. The flesh is eaten by the warriors amidst feasting and merriment. But the Arab women are very particular that the wild beast's heart shall not be eaten by the hunters. It must be cut up and divided amongst the mothers of the tribe, who cook their little portion, and give the tit-bit to their baby boys to eat; for if little Arab boys eat of the flesh of the Lion's heart, they will be certain, so think their mothers, to grow up as brave and courageous as the King of the Beasts himself. The hair of the Lion's mane, too, is twisted into armlets, which are worn as charms, and supposed to bring great good luck.

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The Lion has a horror of lights or fire of any kind. Travellers on African plains would never think of lying down at night unless they were surrounded by a ring of flame to keep the prowling beasts at bay; and it is amazing how many Lions there still are in Africa. In India there are few, but in Africa, the Lion's kingdom, there are still so many, that in some districts they are really masters of men. A traveller in Matabele-land once came upon a whole village of little houses up in the trees, where the natives had encamped, that they might be out of the way of the Lions, who had made their homes in such numbers near by on the plains. Up in the branches the people slept and lived, paying calls on each other by stepping over from bough to bough, and only venturing down to the ground for a little while in the daytime, when the Lions would be resting in their lairs. Another tribe of natives built their houses on tall poles about eight feet from the ground, and the people climbed up and down by the aid of a knobby tree trunk. It must be relief to them to know that Lions, unlike the panthers and leopards, can't climb trees.

A Lion grew a little bit too bold on one occasion. A colonist who had made his home in one of the African states was one day working in his yard mending his wagon and talking to his wife meanwhile, as she sat playing with her little boy and girl in the garden, when a sudden silence from his family made him turn round. There stood the children, spell-bound. His wife sat as still as death and as white as a ghost; while close beside her sat a huge Lion, which had suddenly and quite unexpectedly appeared.

It must have been a most terrible moment; but fortunately the father of the family kept his head. He ran like the wind round to the side of the house, for he remembered that his gun was standing on the floor just inside his bedroom window. He

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seized it, and crept round behind the intruder, who still crouched quite close to the terrified little group. Then came, perhaps, the most awful moment of all, for the beast lay so close to the children that the bullet must brush by the little boy's hair if it was to enter the Lion's skull. The father knew, however, that the shot must be fired, for at any moment the beast might spring; and nerving himself up he pulled the trigger, and the Lion fell dead at the threshold of his home.

Another and quite a different story of an African Lion is strange in its own way. A sportsman, Lion hunting from the back of an elephant, was followed by a great raging, roaring Lion whom he had already wounded. "Good sport!" thought he, and leaned out of his howdah to put the finishing touches to the job. But, horrors! the howdah gave way; over it toppled, and the sportsman fell straight into the Lion's mouth. The elephant, however, came to his rescue. He seized the top of a young tree in his huge trunk, bent it over on to the Lion's back, and the sportsman was released from its jaws. I must confess that when I read that story I said to myself, "I wonder if it's true!"

But perhaps one of the most interesting of all Lion stories is the true tale that the great explorer Dr. Livingstone told of his own escape from a Lion's jaws. In Mabotsa, an African village where he settled for a time, the natives were dreadfully troubled by Lions, which stole from their flocks and thieved from their herds. Several Lion hunts had been set on foot, but none of the wild beasts had been killed, and Dr. Livingstone made up his mind that he would go himself with the next hunting party, and see whether his presence would help the luck to turn.

So they set out, and when the Lion's lair was discovered they made a ring round it in the way I have described already.

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Before long, the circle having been narrowed down more and more and more, they came upon a solitary Lion, and fired. With no good result though, for the beast was untouched; he just bounded through the circle of men and went off.

Another ring of men was made. This time two of the great beasts were tracked, and then lost; but as there seemed no likelihood of a "kill" that day, Dr. Livingstone turned towards the village again, followed by the natives. Then the unexpected thing happened. Suddenly, as he rounded a hillock, he came upon one of the beasts taking cover behind a small bush.

C-r-r-r-ack! Livingstone fired both barrels at the bush. It seemed pretty certain that the Lion must be wounded, if not done for; but to make assurance doubly sure, the sportsman thought he would give him another charge, and he began to ram in his bullets. And just at that minute the Lion sprang! Over the bush and on to the mound where Livingstone stood it came. It caught the sportsman's shoulder and brought him down; it growled and shook him, and laid its huge paw on the back of his head. But, strange to say, Dr. Livingstone declared, when he told the story afterwards, that he felt no terror or fear. A kind of dreamy sleepiness seemed to creep over him, and he just lay still and waited and watched.

And as he watched he saw the huge beast turn his eyes towards one of the natives who was creeping up behind. The native fired; and at that minute the Lion rose in rage and, leaving Livingstone, turned to the second victim. From him, in a worse fury than ever, he turned upon a third native, who had come racing up with a lance to take part in the sport. And then, quite suddenly, with a huge roar of rage and fury and pain, the Lion could fight no more. The bullets had done their work. His last strength was spent, and he fell dead upon the plain.

TIGERS

THREE is no doubt about it, the Tiger is a beast of whom very few have a good word to say. "I will kill, kill, kill," roars the Tiger, "whether I am hungry or not; just because it pleases me, I will kill!" That is his song, and a cruel song it is. Just by watching a Tiger in the Zoo we can get an idea of his nature. The lion seems dignified and generous; the elephant is clumsy and kind; but cruelty looks out of the Tiger's great eyes with their golden rings—cruelty, and cunning, and stealth.

Every one in the jungle where the captive Tiger used to live would agree with that. The monkeys fled chattering to the tree tops at the sound of the Tiger's stealthy tread; the birds would call aloud in panic from the highest branches of the trees for hours after he had gone by; the antelopes would tremble and "bark" at his approach, and larger animals shrank away in fear—and hate. These very sounds of terror brought their punishment to the Tiger, for "That way went a Tiger!" said his native pursuers as they heard the terrified sounds of the jungle beasts, and straightway made their way upon his trail.



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But before that day, before ever the Tiger was captured and brought a prisoner to the Zoo, what was his real home life? He was born in the jungle, soon after the hot season set in, and with his cub brother he lived for a time, and played by the side of the mother Tigress. Small they were, and much more lightly marked than their mother; each newly born cub measured about twelve inches from its nose to its tail tip. They were like beautifully marked kittens, though they were considerably bigger than baby kittens, and at first they played almost exactly as any family of happy kitten play on the rug before some British kitchen fire. Away in the deep, dark forests of India the Tiger cubs had much the same games.

And these games were important — everybody's games are, for they prepare them for the life they've got to lead later on. The best players among boys make the finest men; and it is just the same with beasts as well as boys. Far off in the jungle the Tigress lay and blinked solemnly at her cubs as they romped around, for she knew that their games were their school as well as their fun. "Unless they play and grow strong, they'll go hungry later on, and perhaps fall victim to other beasts," she thought; "or else they'll grow into man-eating Tigers, and man-eating Tigers are lazy rubbish!" she growled, swishing thousands of jungle flies away, and licking a scratch she had suffered from a buffalo in the hunt. "Lazy rubbish," she said, "and bad hunters! Leave man-eating for the old beasts whose claws are blunt and who have lost their teeth. My cubs shall grow into jungle hunters: they shall despise even the hunting of native cattle, it shall be too easy for *them!* Antelopes, buffaloes—perhaps even a lion!"

But at first the cubs' games were just like the games of kittens. They sprang and rolled and hit at each other, and bit each other's tails; then, as they grew stronger, their play grew

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more exciting, and they would sharpen their claws savagely against the tree trunks, give little roars (terrifying the birds and monkeys), and box each other's faces. The Tigress would smile approvingly to see each cub in turn hook his paws around inside his brother's hind legs, or leap suddenly in play and catch with his teeth at the back of his brother's neck, or take him by the throat and hold firmly on. It was fierce, furious fun, and the game made the cubs grow hungry.

So in between their plays they ate and ate. At first meal time had meant milk for the young cubs, but by the time they had learned to play fierce games they were ready to eat meat. Much, much meat they ate—far more than they needed to make them big; they ate because they liked the taste of the fresh meat that their mother brought home. She would leave them for hours when the day's heat was past, coming back at last with her spoils—buffalo meat, perhaps, or young monkeys; fresh killed meat every time.

Where did it come from? The young cubs neither knew nor cared at first, but suddenly there came a day when they found out. They had been playing while their mother was away, and a bold monkey ventured too close. Then in an instant *it* had happened. One of the cubs made a spring at the watcher, seized the nape of its neck in his teeth, held its body firmly with his sharp claws, and all of a sudden the game had changed to real, real earnest, and that monkey was the Tiger cub's first "kill."

After this the cubs learned quickly. They stayed with the Tigress till they were nearly grown; they were almost two years old when they left her, and by that time each could hunt for himself. Each had learned the *cunningest* way to kill, and would sleep in the deep jungle all through the great heat of the day, safe from enemies, because his gay stripes were so

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exactly the same in coloring as the tints of the foliage that no one could have guessed that he was there; and each would make his way in the evening to the water-side in search of food. He knew very well every step of the jungle by this time—the home of the antelope, the deer, the wild boar, the buffalo, and the monkeys; and he knew, too, that at his loud roar every one of the smaller jungle beasts would hurry home in terror. It is a mean way of hunting—but the Tiger's way—to roar very loudly by the water-ways, and then when the beasts flee tremblingly home, to follow them there.

Still the Tiger, for all his cunning, often runs great danger, and has to fight for his life. A python may be one of his enemies, lying in wait by a river bank or pool with the idea of suddenly seizing upon some victim. It may spring upon a passing Tiger, fixing its teeth in its victim's head, and coiling itself round his body until it crushes him to death. There is little chance of escape from such an enemy. Buffaloes, too, are fierce fighters. The horns of the full-grown bull buffalo are dreaded by the Tiger, and if he should attack a herd his death is pretty certain, unless he can save his skin by swimming, skulking through the jungle, or making off in some way.

But the enemy most dreaded by the Tiger is—MAN; and an enemy man must be to the wild beast of the jungle when it attacks the farms, seizing cattle and even native herdsmen, and terrifying whole districts. Then a Tiger hunt is often arranged. The tracks of the Tiger are sought out by natives; and when his lair is found, a number of sportsmen come together mounted on elephants, and carrying rifles in their howdahs. Calm though they look, the hearts of the big-game hunters beat high as, when the sun is well up, and therefore the Tiger is likely to be resting, the long line of elephants moves slowly off. It must be a tremendously exciting time for the sportsmen, who stand up

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in their howdahs looking anxiously ahead amongst the jungle grass, with rifles ready in their hands. But they are not looking for signs of the Tiger himself; it is for the waving movement of the jungle grass that they are all on the lookout. As soon as that is noticed, every one will understand that there lurks the Tiger, who is probably making up his mind to escape if he can. Then the sport begins: there is a cracking of rifles,



and a trumpeting from the elephants. One shot may finish off the tyrant of the jungle, or it may need many rifles to lay him low.

There are tremendous adventures very often for the sportsmen who go Tiger hunting; for their prey, if he is wounded, is sometimes so furious that he may forget his plan to run away, and may attack one of the elephants. Then it is quite on the cards that the huge beast may stampede; and if so, a pretty strenuous time is in store for the occupants of his howdah.

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Sometimes, too, hunters may meet wounded Tigers when they are alone on foot, and a meeting single-handed with such a dreadful enemy must be pretty exciting. There are other dangers, too. A huge Tiger had fallen to the gun of a young officer on one occasion, and with great delight at his good fortune the sportsman hurried up to admire his spoils. But as he came near the "dead" beast suddenly moved, reared itself up, and with a most tremendous roar it sprang upon the officer, carrying him off in its jaws.

There would have been an end of the sportsman, but for his great pluck and level-headedness. Though his right hand was held across his chest as he lay powerless in the Tiger's jaws, yet he kept game, and made up his mind that he wouldn't be done for if he could help it: if a chance of escape came, well, he would still make the best of it. It came! The Tiger, just as we often see a cat do, threw its victim up into the air, and caught him by the thigh, as he came down. Not much of an opportunity, perhaps, but the brave sportsman made the best of it. His right arm was free, so very quietly and steadily he held his last pistol to the Tiger's ear and blew out its brains.

The natives of Oudh have a way of their own of catching Tigers; a simple and clever one it is, too. First of all, they make a quantity of very sticky bird-lime; then, having plucked a great number of the large leaves of the "prauss" tree, they cover them with the sticky stuff and strew them in great numbers all round the Tiger's lair, so that he is pretty certain to have to walk over them. The dodge answers very soon; up comes the Tiger, and is annoyed to find that a leaf has somehow attached itself to his foot and refuses to be removed. He tries to get rid of it by the help of his other feet in turns, by his mouth, etc., but with every fresh effort he becomes more and more covered with the horrid sticky leaves.

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This is too much, so with a roar he prepares to roll on the ground and get rid of them all at the same time, with the result that he rises up from his roll utterly covered with leaves, probably quite unable to see on account of them; furiously angry, too, but very helpless when the natives set upon him with their bullets, as they promptly do.

The Tiger is caught in pitfalls, too, and cages. Natives, armed with "tulwars," will even climb into particularly strong cages made of bamboo, and stay there for the night to attract the beast. When he arrives to try to demolish them, however, they are more than a match for him, and thrusting their tulwars through the stout framework of the cage they soon deal deadly wounds upon the man-eating beast, who is traced to his lair next day by the track of blood-drops that he leaves behind him, and finished off by the native hunters—if, indeed, as is generally the case, he is not already dead.

But a last story will show that it is not only full-grown herdsmen who are quick witted and clever in these ways. A little Burmese girl once managed to polish off a huge Tigress without any other weapon than her father's wood chopper. The child had set out for the forest with her smaller sister to fetch fuel, and a Tigress in the bush saw her chance. With a bound she was on them, seized the youngest of the pair in her mouth, and set off. The other little girl saw what had happened, and without an instant's delay she ran after the Tigress with the chopper. Overtaking it, she lifted the weapon with both hands, and brought it down on the animal's head with all her might. The Tigress dropped her victim and stood still as if stunned; but the brave child knew that she was not dead yet, so putting out all her strength she hammered and hammered with her might and main, and so steadily did she stand her ground that in the end she really killed the Tigress.

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THREE must be mixed kinds of feelings in the hearts of the jungle beasts at evening-time. Every one of them rouses himself then, feeling hungry, and longing for a good square meal; but he knows, too, that others of his brethren are hungry as well, and that some one of them may do his very best to make a supper for *him*.

All through the long, sultry daytime, the jungle is very still and quiet. All the wild animals are taking cover from the heat of the day; down by the water splashings may be heard as the wild buffaloes rest up to their necks in the mud, to protect themselves from the fierce jungle flies. Some of the other large animals crouch near to the water, too; but for the most part the wild folk sleep, resting themselves after last night's hunting, and getting ready for the supper hunt that is to come.

Amongst the high grasses the tiger lies, his striped coat so much the same in color as the jungle foliage that it would be difficult to find him; for Mother Nature has arranged a wonderful kind of "camouflage" for most of the wild beasts. From a tree, for instance, the huge python hangs, looking for all the world like an extra swaying branch. The Leopard and the panther too, no less than the huge tiger, are so near to the burnt jungle grass in shade that their yellow markings often help to protect them from their enemies. They can rest unafraid, for no one will see them; the daytime is a safe time; it is at night that they must be wary.

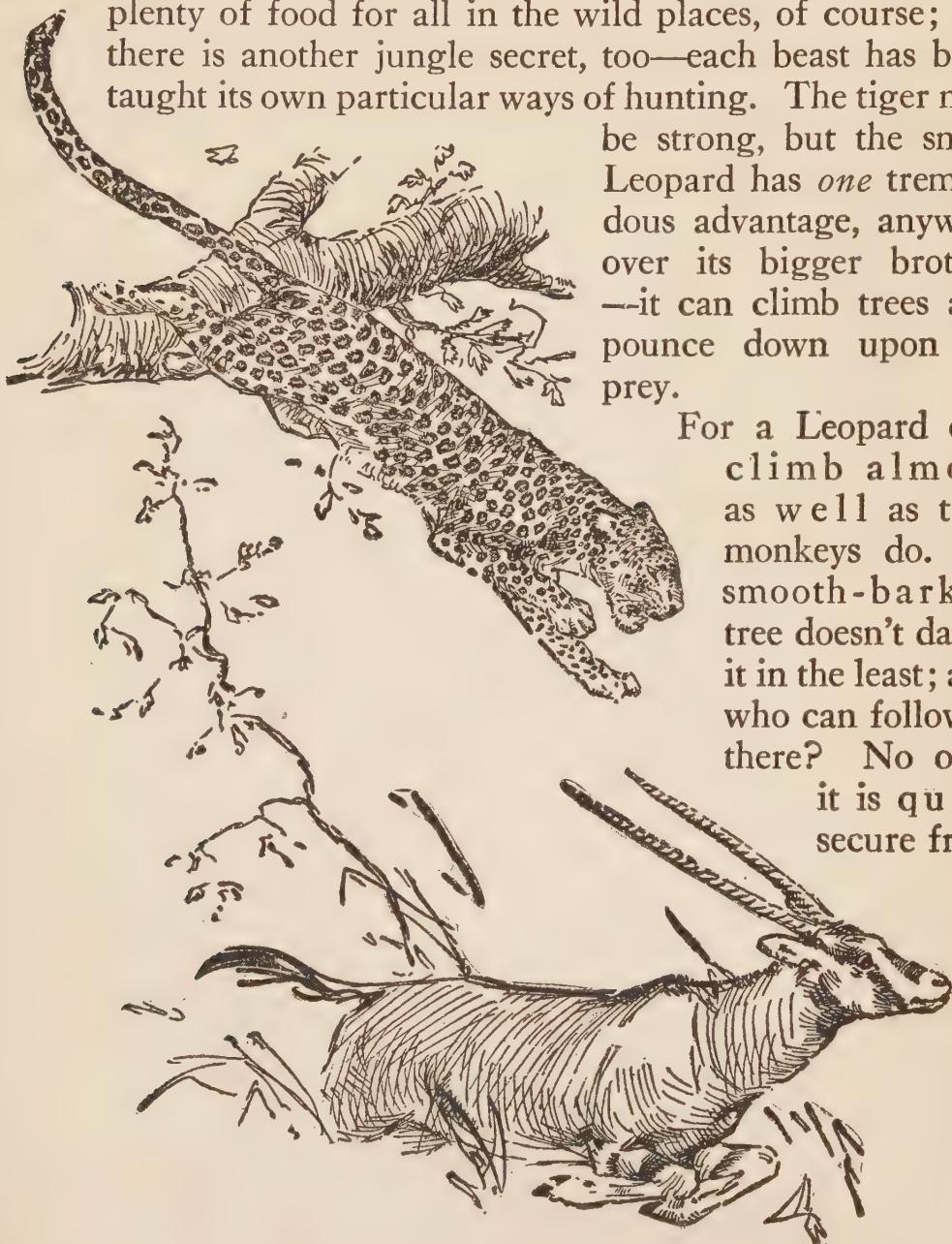
But at night-time, when every beast is seeking for its prey, what chance have the smaller animals against the bigger, stronger ones? What chance, for instance, has the small pan-

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ther or the smaller Leopard against its huge brother the wily tiger, as they all set out on the same quest? Well, there is plenty of food for all in the wild places, of course; but there is another jungle secret, too—each beast has been taught its own particular ways of hunting. The tiger may

be strong, but the small Leopard has *one* tremendous advantage, anyway, over its bigger brother—it can climb trees and pounce down upon its prey.

For a Leopard can climb almost as well as the monkeys do. A smooth-barked tree doesn't daunt it in the least; and who can follow it there? No one; it is quite secure from



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enemies, while it waits serenely for its own victim to come along. Its usual supper is taken off monkeys or dogs, deer or antelopes —quick, small creatures all of them; so the Leopard must be quicker than they are, or he will go supperless. But he is quick in his own way, not theirs; and *his* way is to leap on the victim's back, suddenly, unexpectedly; and to plunge his jaws into its neck, breaking its back with a dexterous wrench. He is courageous too, for should a larger animal come along, he tries his luck just the same, and attacks it without fear. Even bullocks and buffaloes sometimes fall a prey to the clever Leopard, hidden away overhead in the branch of some jungle tree.

A Leopard is almost a greater terror to natives than the tiger himself, if he once attaches himself to a farm and uses it as his larder; for he has such a tremendous appetite, together with a very wasteful habit of killing far more animals than he is able to eat. There is a story of a family of five Leopards that entered a sheepfold at the Cape of Good Hope, and killed one hundred sheep in a very short time indeed. Pigs and poultry are a favorite delicacy with the Leopard, too; and in India, little native children and old native women sometimes fall victims to him, though, as a rule, these beasts will not attack man unless brought to bay.

But Leopards don't always have it their own way on the native farms; there is a story told of a cow that got the better of one of these wild hunters. A baby calf had just been born to her, and she with her little one had been lodged by the farmer in a small thatched cattle shed. A wandering Leopard smelt out the pair, and made its way on to the roof.

Scratch, scratch it went, for this seemed an easy way of getting itself a good meal. Soon a good-sized hole had been scraped by its claws in the thatch; then it looked down at its victims and prepared to spring upon the baby calf. It hadn't

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reckoned, though, with the love that the mother felt for her baby; *that* overcame all the terror which she felt for the fierce Leopard. Up went her sharp horns to meet him, and it is doubtful whether the intruder ever reached the ground of the shed at all. The noise of a tremendous scuffle woke the farmer, and he ran in to see the wild beast being tossed and gored to death by the mother cow, while the calf blinked quietly on.

It seems strange to think that Leopards sometimes hunt *for* man, but they really do. In Persia and in India, cheetahs or hunting Leopards, which are rather smaller than the usual Leopards—about the size of greyhounds, in fact, with long legs and slender bodies—are trained specially to hunt deer. When the sport is to take place they are carried to the spot in a cart, chained and hooded, and they are kept blindfolded till the herd is in view. As soon as they have fastened their teeth in the back of some victim the huntsmen follow them up, tempt them off with pieces of meat, or beat them off with whips, taking the venison for themselves. A pretty paltry kind of sport, it seems, somehow.

A last story about a Leopard may be rather interesting to hear, for Leopard stories are rather far to seek. A party of sportsmen, who were out hunting buffaloes in the jungle, once had rather an unusual adventure in which a female Leopard figured. They had marked a fine bull buffalo, and were ready to shoot, when the unexpected happened, as it sometimes does: the unsuspecting beast was suddenly attacked from above by another and quite a different enemy. For a female Leopard was seen to spring upon its back suddenly from the boughs of an overhanging tree; it fixed its teeth into the back of the great beast's neck, and prepared to try to break its backbone with her jaws.

The frightened animal tried to shake off its little, clinging

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enemy, but in vain. It reared and tossed, but the Leopard still held her seat; through the deep jungle growth pressed the tortured animal, but the Leopard would not be dislodged by overhanging branches. Then at last, bellowing with agony, the buffalo rolled itself on the ground, and the Leopard gave way. Crack! went the rifle of one of the watching sportsmen at that instant, and the Leopard was secured before she could try another attack on the huge beast. Then a second bullet mercifully finished off the great buffalo which had been overcome by so small an enemy.



HYENAS

THE lion is called the “noble hunter.” The tiger, though he lurks in the covert places of the jungle, generally meets his enemy in open combat at last. Even the slinking panther, springing upon some passing wild thing, shows bravery in the fight. But what do you say to a prowling beast who lives on flesh meat, but who rarely hunts for his meal; who cadges another beast’s supper, for which, perhaps, the hunter has risked his life, and paid dearly with honorable wounds; who will even swallow the bones that the night vulture has picked and thrown away; who, in fact, is just the refuse-eater of the forest and the plains! You would despise such a creature, I expect, just as much as the beasts despise him; for the Hyena is greedy, cowardly, and unsportsmanlike.

He may show off a bit in his cage at the Zoo; but he would not want, probably, to give himself airs if those bars were not between you and him. He would slink off, I fancy, afraid to meet your eye; for Hyenas are just cowards through and through.

There are three kinds of them—Spotted beasts, Striped beasts, and the Brown Hyenas, too. All of them live to scavenge the places where they make their homes, whether it be the streets of native towns, tracts of open land, or deep forests. All of them feed on carrion or prowl after some one else’s leavings. Every one despises them, man and beast alike.

The Spotted Hyena, with its yellowish coat covered with dark-brown spots, lives in South Africa. So does its near relation the Brown Hyena, which rambles along the seashore eating dead fish or any rubbish that it can find. The “Strand Wolf” it is named by the Kaffirs, and a loathly creature it is; not much is seen of it, and the less the better. But the Spotted Hyena, its brother, can be a great nuisance; only when it is

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desperately hungry does it summon up enough courage to hunt for itself, but *then* it will attack dogs and sheep and even carry off little sleeping children. Its way of hunting, too, is exactly what you would expect from it. Dr. Livingstone said of it: "He will bite if an animal is running away; but if it stands still, then so will he!" Indeed, if the creature by chance attacks a shackled horse which can't get away, and is forced to



face his enemy, this brave (?) hunter becomes so frightened that he himself turns tail and runs away from his victim.

Hyenas seem never to go about in groups. Sometimes a pair of them set out together, though, if there is hunting to be done; and then one backs the other up in the cowardly plan that they decide upon. The way they go to work is for one of the pair to hide himself, and for the other to charge a flock of sheep or goats and try to herd them towards his mate; then when the fleetest among the flock has reached the spot where the second Hyena is waiting, out it springs, and the second hunter running up to help, the pair find it an easy enough job, even for *them*, to kill the defenceless victim between them.

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The Kaffirs have managed to get rid of a great number of these Spotted Hyenas. At one time they overran the country, but they have been hunted and trapped in large numbers, till now there are far fewer of the beasts. Those that are left are far more wary now too, than they used to be. They spend the day lying in old caves or in ruins, and only come prowling out at night time, howling dismally when they are hungry, and laughing in a blood-curdling and horrible way when they are excited. A traveller was once camping out in South Africa, and at midnight he felt a touch on his arm: his wife, who was with him, had been wakened by a soft footfall, and she had given him the warning. Sitting up, he looked round. At the door he could faintly see the outline of a large, shaggy creature of about the size of a wolf, evidently about to enter. The traveller took prompt aim at the intruder, and over rolled a large Hyena! It is quite possible that the beast was only on the lookout for some kind of supper remains; but it is also possible that, if he had not been finished off so expeditiously as he was, he might have attacked the sleepers. Not only have Kaffir babies been carried off, but native men too have been attacked while asleep in their huts. Horrible to relate, a Hyena always goes for the face of his victim; and a writer speaks of seeing many Kaffirs with features bandaged or scarred after wounds inflicted in this way.

There are several ways in which the natives get rid of the pest. Sometimes they set fire to brushwood if the beast is lurking there; and when the hunted victim flies into the open, the dogs are set upon it. Sometimes—and this is the surest with a Hyena—pieces of poisoned meat are spread about in likely places, and this bait is certain to attract the beast. I read a ridiculous story of the way in which the Arabs sometimes kill the creature too; and though it may not be true, it is worth

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while hearing. They go to meet the victim with a handful of dung, crying: "Come to me, and let me make you beautiful with henna!" The flattered Hyena is said to stretch out its paw towards the speaker, and it is then dragged towards a crowd of waiting women and children, who thereupon beat the beast to death with their sticks.

There is another way in which death comes to the coward. Sometimes, so I have read, a lion will turn suddenly in fury and hatred upon the little sneak who will only eat the supper that someone else has had the danger of killing, and will tear its legs to pieces—sometimes killing it outright, and sometimes leaving the victim maimed and helpless. A traveller writes that he once came upon a Hyena in such a pitiable case, unable to run away or even to stir, with the flesh torn from its fore legs and chest. He could only imagine that perhaps punishment had been meted out to it by the King of the Beasts.



PUMAS

HERE are two kinds of large "cats" to be found in the Americas—the Puma and the Jaguar, which have been called the lion and the tiger of the New World. The Puma, about which this chapter is to be written, is considered the *lion* of the pair, but there are differences between this beast and the noble hunter of the plains.

To begin with, the Puma is much smaller than the lion. Hunters have said that it is more like a lioness to look at. Its coat is tawny, but it has no mane; it purrs like a cat, but it never roars—only grunts instead. It can spring like a lion upon its prey, but it can climb trees also, which the lion cannot do. It does not show the great courage, either, which the lion of the Old World is usually supposed to possess; or is the so-called cowardice of the Puma not cowardice at all?

Different answers to that question would be given in different parts of the American continent. Some hunters call the Puma a coward through and through, who will do anything rather than risk fight with man; who will attack sheep, calves, and horses, but who will scuttle away at the sight of any human being. Others tell tales of the early settlers in the United States, and how they suffered from the attacks of Pumas, who not only carried off their stock, but their women and children also; while, on the other hand, the natives of the south believe the Puma to be the only wild "cat" in the world who is naturally affectionate to man, and who will never attack him because of this strange fondness.

On account of the Puma's cattle raids, one can easily understand that he must be hunted; for however affectionate and

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friendly disposed the beast may feel towards man, he cannot be allowed to become master of the farms. His own habits help in his capture, and the natives, understanding these, have good advice to offer if a hunt is suggested. "Wait," they say, "and watch the sky; the birds of prey will show you where he lies!" So they do; for the Puma has a habit of covering the "kill" that he has not time to eat with branches, and then crouching beside them to wait. The birds soon scent out the meat, and group together in the sky above the place, hovering overhead. Suddenly they may call out in fear and wheel rapidly away; and by this means, to the clear-eyed native scout, that the Puma is lying in wait below, that the birds have seen him and retreated, and that now is the time for the hunt to begin.

Dogs are used for Puma hunting, and a special kind of dog is bred for the purpose—a sort of fast-going terrier with very long legs, which is splendid at the job. When their prey has been tracked to its lair by the "kill," the dogs and men follow it; lassos and bolos are used in the hunt. Bolos are cords weighted with stones, which are thrown by the expert hand of a horseman so that they become entwined round the legs of the Puma. Then the lasso comes into play, and, tightly caught in its noose, the captured beast is dragged along the plains after the flying horse.

At other times the hunted beast may take sanctuary in a tree; but the dogs or the sportsmen can follow him there, so his respite is a very short one. A sportsman once came upon a pair of the beasts intent upon a meal. The male Puma made no movement towards the hunter, though he was accompanied by two natives; but the female appeared terrified—she seemed to cower and beg for mercy, though she made no movement to escape into the undergrowth. As the enemy came nearer, guns in hand, tears were seen to roll from the great beast's

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eyes; it trembled and appeared to be begging for its life, and the hunter who fired the shot that killed the great, gentle animal decided that that was the last Puma which should ever fall to *his* gun.

However, if a hunter be helped by dogs, the Puma will make a good fight for himself: there are likely to be no tears in his eyes *then*. Dogs are his hated foes. Wherever and whenever he sees a dog, in the South American plains or in the London Zoo, his bearing changes, and he becomes fierce and furious. There are stories of tamed and affectionate Pumas who have become "wild" again at the sight of some dog.



One of the most interesting Puma stories is a very old one; perhaps it may be nothing more than a legend, but it is none the less readable for that. It is said that in 1536 the Spanish settlers at Buenos Ayres suffered from a dreadful famine. Their cattle died, no crops grew, and there seemed no outlook for them save starvation. Away farther into the country, on the land held by the Indians,

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there was plenty of food; but by the governor's orders none of the Spanish settlers were permitted, on pain of death, to cross into the far woods and ask for food, for fear, probably, of giving away the news of their weak state to their enemies the Indians, and thus perhaps bringing danger upon their settlement. A woman, Maldonata, however, could stand the privations no longer, and she managed to make her way to the far forest, where, after her hunger had been partly appeased with the wild fruits to be found there, she lay down to sleep in a cave. She was wakened by the cries of a sick female Puma, and putting all her fears aside, the woman nursed it and did what she could for it in its suffering. A friendship sprang up between the two, and later, when the Puma became the mother of a family of cubs, she and Maldonata still lived together—the mother Puma hunting for food each day, and giving a share of the spoils to her new friend.

But after a time the cubs grew older, and they with their mother left the cave. Maldonata was left alone, and in her daily search for food she at last fell into the hands of the soldiers, who took her before the governor to answer to a charge of treachery. She was condemned to be tied to a tree, there to die from the teeth of wild beasts, or from the pangs of hunger.

But this was not to be. The soldiers who obeyed the orders bound her in the forest and left her there, returning in a few days to make certain as to her fate. To their amazement the victim was still alive and well, guarded by a great female Puma from a horde of hungry jaguars and other wild beasts that prowled growling around.

Maldonata was released from the tree, and the governor, who, so the story tells, was "ashamed to avow himself more heartless than a Puma," pardoned her, and sent her home.

WOLVES

DID you ever wonder why in so many of the old nursery tales there is mention of fierce Wolves? Red Riding Hood met one. There was the Wolf who "huffed and puffed and blew the house of the little kids in." There were other Wolves, too; and it seems quite natural, somehow, in those tales, for the great, gaunt creatures to lurk in the forests and to hover about outside the woodcutters' cottages at night, though if such a thing happened nowadays in this country we'd be more than a bit surprised.

Well, there's a reason for the Wolves in those old stories. In the long-ago times, when the tales were first told, they were partly true at least; for there were Wolves in this country then—yes, in pretty nearly every county of it—lots of them, hunting alone, or hunting in packs, according to the season of the year, but always very fierce and hungry ones to meet. Their old bones can still be found quite often in caves and burrows and hill-sides. They were hunted in England until the days of King Henry VII., while the last Wolf in Scotland is said to have been killed by Sir Ewan Cameron in the year 1680. Until then the fierce beasts kept their dens in the forests by day and prowled out at nights. They were for all the world like huge, gaunt, hungry sheepdogs to look at, only a little different from these dogs in their appearance, for their legs were longer, and their ears more pointed. Their bushy tails hung down between their hind legs, they could climb a little, which dogs cannot, and the pupils of their queerly-placed eyes had a power of contracting in the bright light of daytime. These Wolves were the terror of

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the countryside. There were many children quite as frightened of them as ever Red Riding Hood could have been, and parents dreaded the prowling beasts just as much as did the girls and boys.

Nowadays, wherever the Wolf may be found, its habits are pretty much the same as they always were. For a good part of the year it hunts alone or in pairs, resting in its den all day, and hunting by night if there be danger about, or hunting both day and night if the countryside be lonely enough. It attacks sheep, poultry, and farm animals if there are any human habitations near by. A dreadful curse the Wolf may be to shepherds, for it has been known to leap over the high wall of a fold and to destroy a quarter of the flock before it could be chased away. But deer are a very favorite food in the northern countries; and as there is often a large family party of perhaps eight or nine youngsters for each pair to nourish, plenty of food is wanted. Born in the spring, the cubs are ready to eat partly digested food, which their mother prepares for them, by the time they are a month or two old; and with their age their appetites grow too, so nothing comes much amiss to the Wolf who is hunting for his family and himself. Carrion, or any kind of flesh, will do. He is not particular about satisfying his appetite on larger beasts, and if he can't find these, he will manage on foxes and hedgehogs, birds and frogs, or even vegetables. He will hunt on a wide range too, and can cover perhaps forty miles a night in his search. It is said that Wolves may appear suddenly by night in a district which has not heard the sound of their terrible howling for many years, disappearing again with the darkness, not to return perhaps till as many years have rolled by again.

But it is in the cold winter time that these long journeys are taken as a rule. Then, the young Wolves having grown.

WOLVES

the beasts hunt in packs together; food is scarce; hunting is easier if "united we stand"—that is evidently the reason for the arrangement. Wolves have reasons for their habits; they are very clever beasts indeed.

It is perhaps not very easy to see good qualities in unpleasant animals like Wolves, and most people speak of them as "cunning" beasts. Still, not only are they "cunning," but they are decidedly brainy and wise in some of their dodges; they make their plans, and they work them out. After all, their lifework is to find a living for themselves and their families, or the members of their pack, and they do it as well as they know how, and make as much as they can of their opportunities.

I think I had better explain what I mean. Wolves are marvellous at "learning from experience"—all animals are not. Some kinds of beasts will return again and again to be caught in the same way as their unfortunate brethren have been, and never learn wisdom from the failure of another to understand. But Wolves seem to realize that they have to find out how to avoid being caught, and in places where they are hunted they learn to keep clear of the kind of traps that the district em-



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ploys; then the would-be hunters must put their wits to work again against the hunted. That is cleverness, isn't it? Then, in my opinion anyhow, the Wolves have another good point: they are fair and square enemies; they do not lie in wait and then spring as the beasts of the cat tribe do. Like the dog tribe they run down their victim in open chase; if he can outrun them, or outwit them, then the game is to him. If not, and the Wolves gain the advantage, then the death-wound is dealt at once with the teeth, and the fight is over. An account of a moose-hunt by Wolves is interesting to read, and will give some idea too of the cleverness of the beasts in planning their hunt. They have very keen powers of scent; they are patient and clever, too, in following up any spoor; and it is when the snow is deep and the winter hard that the Wolves generally attack the moose. Just as we read of Man, the hunter who goes after the great deer of the North when the first snows have thawed and a thin crust of ice has formed on its surface, so the Wolves hunt the moose with much the same idea at the back of their clever heads.

A Wolf scout sets out, and presently he tracks down an unsuspecting deer. In answer to his howl half the pack comes cautiously nearer, and scents the prey too; then, reaching the spot, they rush forward and make a half-circle round the victim. He sees their grinning faces and lolling tongues, and waits with his antlers lowered for them to attack; but they are not going to yet—they have other plans in formation. They wait a little, and sit there grinning, while the deer stands in suspense. "Shall I run?" he thinks. "No, better not. They are so close to me that they will be all upon me if I turn. I will face them, and if any one of them comes closer, I can toss him with my great horns."

That's what he does; that's what the Wolves knew he would

WOLVES

do, and so they have made their plans that way. For the leader has meanwhile sent off the other half of the pack to the rear. Then suddenly, while the first Wolves are still sitting grinning, there comes a howl from behind. The victim turns with horror: he is quite encircled with Wolves! He must make a spring for his life, or else give in at once.

Probably he tries for a fighting chance; with his horns laid back, and his head held muzzle-high, he speeds along the snowy plains. The Wolves are after him, though; the whole pack



howling in hungry chase. At first the moose thinks that he will outstrip them, but soon the frosty crust over the snow cuts into his slender legs, and he cannot run so well. If luck be against him, the Wolves may come up with him fairly soon; if luck be with him though, he may have the chance to reach a lightly frozen river, and breaking the ice so that the Wolves cannot follow him, he may be able to stand at bay in the water until they tire of sitting on the bank yapping at him, and go off to find a meal elsewhere.

Wolves are courageous, too. They will go where hunger leads them, and hunger is a stern master; they show no fear of man or beast, and attack horned cattle, or horses, or armed

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men in times of great need. It is said that twenty-four soldiers, fully armed, were attacked by Wolves on the retreat from Moscow, and that there was no escape for one of them. But when once the beasts are captured, their courage seems to ebb away like magic. A quaint legend tells of an old woman, a Wolf, and a fox who all had the misfortune to fall into the same deep hole, but who all "kept aloof" from each other; and there is another, and a true story, which shows the same trait in the character of the Wolf.

A pack of Wolves, in 1840, outside Petrograd, tracked a post-sledge. So close did the wild beasts come to the heels of the flying horses, which were straining every nerve to reach the city before their pursuers could overtake them, that when the sledge reached the post-house stables, and the mad horses raced headlong in, the Wolves raced in too! The driver and passenger had the tremendous luck to leap out just as the sledge dashed into the gates. They bolted and barred the stable door, and then ran for their guns. "But 'twill be all over with the poor horses before we can beat off the scoundrels," quoth one of them.

Not at all! When the stable roof was cautiously reached, and the guns loaded and ready, the men peeped in. The horses were panting certainly, but no longer with fear of the Wolves, who were slinking about in deadly funk, having, with the barring of the door, lost all their courage—and their appetites too, I suppose!

A tourist, who was thoroughly enjoying himself during a winter holiday in North Scandinavia, had a perfectly terrific adventure one night. He was an excellent skater, and on a beautiful moonlight evening he thought he would take a turn up the frozen river; so off he started, in excellent spirits with himself and all the world.

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He had skated for about two miles when he came upon a little stream which flowed into the larger river. Being keen on exploring, he turned his way up its frozen course, for in the moonlight the dark forest trees on its banks looked so grave and grim and mysterious that he felt he must know more of them; his adventure-loving spirit was thoroughly awakened. "Hurrah!" he shouted to the silent sky.

Was it an echo? He laughed at the idea at first? It could *not* be an echo, for the sound that he had heard came again. There was no human habitation within miles, so what could the strange weird sound mean which somehow seemed to grow louder and louder each time it was repeated?

Wolves! The thought suddenly struck him, for it was a tremendous yell at last, just as the sound of breaking bushes, crashing of undergrowth, and trampling of branches sounded near. For one instant the skater felt petrified. What could he do? There was nothing to do! He would be torn limb from limb within a minute or so. Then his British pluck returned.

He was unarmed. If they caught him, that would be the end; but they should *not* if he could help it. Although the Wolves were only a hundred yards away, although they could be seen lurking dimly by the side of the forest trees, although in an instant they would spring, yet off, off flew the skater, like an arrow from a bow, with his pursuers at his heels!

Down the stream, while the Wolves followed on the bank. "Woo-oo!" they howled on a huge ledge above his head as he passed along. He lowered his head and flew on as they sprang at him. Perhaps they hadn't judged that a human being could skate so fast, for they jumped short by a yard or two. The skater was still safe—if *safe* it could be called when he was two miles from home with a pack of howling Wolves behind!

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What if his skates failed him! What if he should trip! What if—! But there was no time for such thoughts; his whole determination must be set in winning through, and grimly he skated on. While the pattering of the feet came behind, their howls grew louder still, their snuffing was close, their hot breath came up to meet his own!

And then suddenly an idea came! It was a desperate plan, but the only chance—and it acted! Why not dodge them? he thought; why not turn suddenly, and let them race past; then turn again, and gain a small distance each time? It needed nerve to try such a desperate experiment at such an awful moment, but it *was* tried. It succeeded too, for at each dodging the Wolves raced past their victim in the mad rush, and before they could turn again on his tracks he had gained a hundred yards or so. The Wolves were thrown behind. But were they down-hearted? No—on they came!

'Ah! but home was drawing nearer every minute, and with home the sounds of civilization. Suddenly the loud baying of the furious house dogs sounded loud over the ice, the clang-ing of their chains as they strained to try to help with the dan-
ger that they could scent. The lights of the house came in sight, the sounds of voices. Just as suddenly as they had come, the Wolves went—turned tail, and made their way back into the darkness—into the wilds of the gloomy, mysterious forest. They were *gone!*

POLAR BEARS

IT is a very good thing for the leather trade that Polar Bears do not wear boots and shoes. I wonder what a shoemaker would say to the size of such a customer's foot! The length of the beast's great body may measure nine feet or even more, and it will be only six times bigger than the length of one of his big feet. There's a sum for you: Find the length of a Polar Bear's foot, if the length of his body be nine feet. Can you do it in your head?

Well, after that, I expect you are wondering if he doesn't make a tremendous noise when he walks; and if he doesn't trip himself up; and if he isn't really a very clumsy chap altogether. But to all these questions I can give the same answer: No. The Polar Bear moves very quietly; he must pounce upon his victims unawares, you see. He could never catch one single seal if he came galumphing along, for they would all dart off into ice-holes, or splash off into the water at the first sound of his tread. Seals are the chief food of the Polar Bear. He eats other things too. In an hour or so he can clear a small islet of eider-ducks and their eggs. He doesn't despise vegetable food in the summer-time; he catches fish; he fights with the walrus, and, if he be successful, makes a meal of his enemy. He will much enjoy a feast of whale-meat if the whale fishers will leave him a share of the carcass; and he will gobble up the whale fisher himself if he gets the chance when he is in a hungry mood. But seals are to the Polar Bear what bread and butter is to most of us—everyday food.

And though it seems hard to understand at first, these big

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feet of his do not hinder, but *help* him in his hunt for meals. He uses them in the sea like big strong paddles, and they enable him to swim long distances with easy great strong strokes after his hurrying victims, whether they be frightened seals or darting fish.

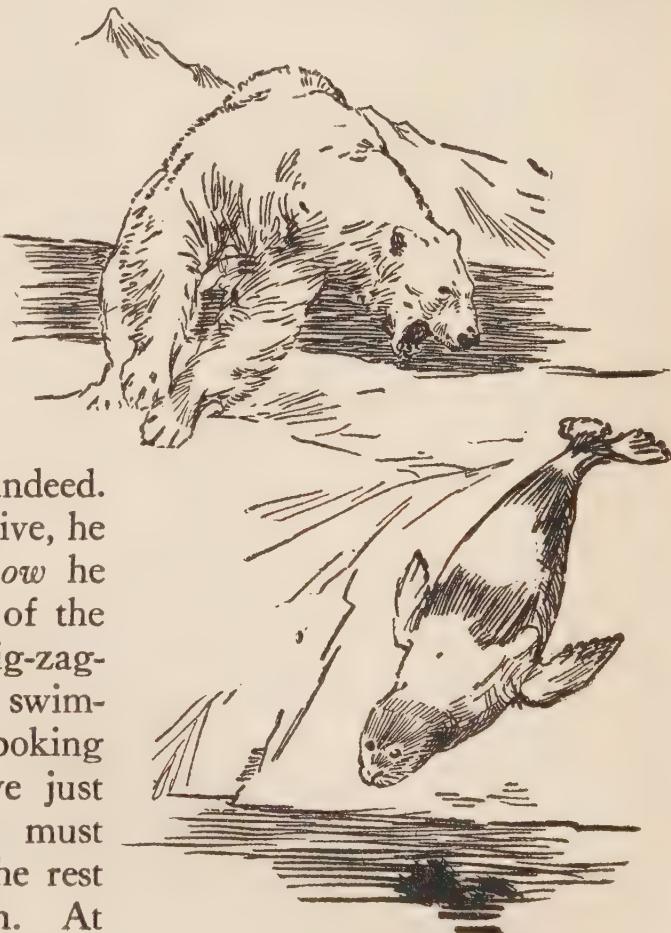
On the ice—for the home of the great Polar Bear is in the cold Arctic regions—the length of his feet helps to keep him from slipping; like great skis they bear him along. And there is something else besides the size of the Bear's feet that is helpful too—his soles are covered with thick fur; and, as he prowls about searching for victims, this helps to give him a stealthy, noiseless tread and makes it almost impossible for him to slide, however slippery the ice may be. I think the old country dames, who pull a thick pair of stockings over their boots when they have to carry their eggs to market on a frosty morning, have taken a leaf from Sir Polar Bear's book.

So the size of his feet is useful to him, and his hairy soles are useful too; but in other ways also Nature has helped the Polar Bear to be a successful hunter. His neck is thinner and longer than the neck of any other kind of bear, for he must use it for reaching and stretching after fish and seals as he swims. Then what about the color of his coat, too? Suppose he had been born brown or black like other bears, how many seals would have let him reach them; how many walruses would let him creep up and—pounce; how many fish would have allowed themselves to be scooped up through an ice-hole with his hairy paw! Very few, indeed, I am sure. The Polar Bear's color helps him not a little—perhaps not against his enemies, as the color of the jungle beasts helped *them*, for the fierce King of the Ice is too great to flee from any foe; but his color helps him to hunt, and to make a living for himself: thus it helps to keep him alive.

POLAR BEARS

Oh, what an appetite he has! Well, but think of his great size; and when I tell you, also, that he may weigh about nine hundred pounds, you will understand that a great deal of food is needed to keep up his strength. He hunts for food nearly all day, and all through the night too. Except for, perhaps, four hours or so out of the twenty-four, he is always hunting, hunting, hunting. Would you like to know how he carries out a seal-hunt?—for he shows plenty of intelligence over it, I can assure you.

Let us suppose that he is seated on an ice-floe, and that he sees a seal resting on another ice-floe about a hundred yards or so away; well, into the sea dives the Polar Bear at once. Does he swim towards that seal? Rather not; he swims in the opposite direction for a little, and then he dives again, very innocently indeed. But after this second dive, he changes his course; *now* he turns in the direction of the unsuspecting seal, zig-zagging all the way, and swimming *under the water*, poking his nose above a wave just now and then if he must breathe, but keeping the rest of himself well hidden. At



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last he rises suddenly just beneath and just in front of the victim. If it leaps into the sea, it must be caught in his jaws; if it turns to escape over the ice, Polar Bear is the quicker of the two; so a meal is assured *this time*.

But sometimes the Polar Bear tracks a seal over the ice. He has to be very cautious, for seals have learned to be suspicious; they always sleep with one eye open, and they make a practice of looking all around for enemies every few seconds. So the Polar Bear pretends to be a lump of snow; and for a time he lies very still, with his fore-paws covering that black nose of his which would spoil the camouflage effect if it were seen. But after a while the "lump of snow" begins very gradually to move, as the bear "pushes himself forward with his hind-paws only." Should the seal move, then the hunter lies still. His progress is very slow, but, well, his *pounce* is a quick enough one when it comes at last; for the seal is quicker in the water than the Bear, and he must not be allowed to plunge in and escape. Sometimes, however, the seal *does* get away—he darts through an ice-hole, or leaps into the sea and makes off; then the rage of the Bear is quite dreadful to see. "He roars and bellows and tosses snow into the air to give vent to his feelings."

And now about the Bear's babies! Would you like to know what kind of a nursery they live in? They are born blind and hairless, poor little dears, and they are born at mid-winter, too; so don't you wonder how their mother manages to keep them alive at all in the cold and icy regions of the North? Well, she *makes* them a nursery, and this is how she manages it. All through the summer-time she feeds and feeds until she has stored up enough food to last her through the winter; then when the first winter snows begin to fall, she chooses a spot and lies down and allows the snow to bury her. The winter

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snows are deep—very deep. Before long she is covered with a thick high drift like a snow-house, and there she lies and sleeps until mid-winter, when her tiny cubs are born.

By this time the heat of the mother's body and the warmth of her breath have melted enough of the snow to make a little space round her, and here the babies move about and gambol and sleep and grow strong, feeding on the milk that their mother gives them several times a day. Their coats begin gradually to grow, their eyes open and they begin to see; the nursery grows bigger and bigger as the snows disappear, and by the spring-time, when the sun melts the Bears' nursery-home altogether, the cubs are ready to follow their mother into the great big world.

But even after they have ceased being quite tiny children, the Mother Bear's love for them is very strong indeed. The crew of a ship that had been locked in the Arctic ice for a time had a strange story to tell of a Bear-mother's love. The sailors had caught a walrus and were roasting its meat, when the smell of cooking attracted a female Bear and her two cubs. They made their way over the ice to the fire, and the mother proceeded to snatch pieces of blubber from the pot. Seeing this, the sailors threw lumps of meat towards her, and each lump was carefully divided into three parts by the female, who gave a large portion to each of the cubs and kept a small bit for herself, coming back



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again for more meat as soon as each helping was finished. As she fetched the last piece the sailors fired, killing the cubs and wounding the Mother Bear.

In spite of her pain, she divided the meat and limped towards her babies with their share; but when she discovered that they could neither eat the dainty nor look at her, nor move, her grief was dreadful. She patted them with her paws, and moaned and cried; and then, when at last she seemed to realize what had happened, she turned, growling, upon the crew, who finished her off with a bullet, and thus put her out of her unhappiness and pain.

A sailor once had a dreadful adventure with a Polar Bear. He was seated on a lump of ice skinning a seal when, to his surprise, he felt a heavy hand on his shoulder. Thinking that one of his companions was having a lark with him, he pretended to take no notice, and the hand was lifted, only to descend again with more terrific force.

“Ah, mate, would you then?” shouted the sailor, and, meaning to carry on the joke a bit further, he flung down his seal-meat and seized an ice-axe that lay by his side as he turned. There, not a yard away, stood a huge Polar Bear!

The sailor’s breath was quite taken away as he stood there, his axe in his hand. Such a tiny weapon was of no use against the great hungry monster, and he knew that very well. All would have been over for him in a very short time if a fellow-sailor had not suddenly become aware of the dreadful predicament in which his chum found himself. Seizing a rifle he hurried to his help.

“Hold your own till I get round to his other side,” he called; “and, when I whistle, aim your axe at his right side.”

Hardly knowing what he did, the terrified seaman obeyed. At the sound of his friend’s warning whistle he made as though

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he would have pierced the great Bear's right side, and the monster veered round towards him with a roar of anger, both his great fore-paws extended as though to seize his victim.

This left his left side unprotected. There was a dreadful second of suspense, then the sound of a loud report, and the great beast fell dead, pierced by a single bullet that had entered his heart.

Another seaman experienced a terrible fright, under somewhat similar circumstances, and owed his life to his own quick-wittedness. He was walking alone on a glacier, when, to his horror, he suddenly discovered that he was followed by a Polar Bear of immense size. His blood ran cold; he did not know what to do; he was quite unarmed, and his only hope was to turn his steps at once in the direction of his ship. He did so, and the monster followed him. He walked quickly—the Bear quickened its steps; he ran—the Bear did likewise; he stopped—so did the Bear; he resumed his ordinary pace, and the Bear did the same. Would he be able to reach the ship before——! He was hardly able to think of the horror that awaited him, when quite suddenly he felt the monster's hot breath on his neck, and he knew that in an instant or so he would be in the great beast's grip.

And then a quick thought struck him, and he ripped off his coat and flung it behind him. The Bear stopped, nosed the strange object and chewed at it, and the sailor had a few minutes' respite in which to hurry on before his enemy came after him again. Soon, however, so near did the pursuer approach, the seaman's vest followed his coat; and his cap followed his vest. He had, indeed, rid himself of every possible garment, gaining a moment or so each time, when a sudden bend brought him within sight of a couple of his mates, armed with rifles, and in a second's time fully alive to the danger of the

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moment. A bullet or two whizzed over the sailor's head as he ducked, and then there was a deep growl of pain as the body of the Bear crashed to the ground with several bits of lead embedded in its brain.

The sense of cruelty that shocks sympathetic persons, when knowing of such scenes, is an evidence of a nobler attitude toward animal life, that should be cultivated and kept true. There is something in motherhood that calls for respect and human mercy even for wild beasts.



GRIZZLY BEARS

HERE is a Grizzly Bear story. In 1870 a small party of city-folk were taking an excursion up one of the cañons in California, when the piping of young turkeys was heard in a thicket; and one of the trippers, who had come out armed with a shot-gun, declared that he would try to bring down a bird for supper. Accordingly off he went, and his friends waited for him. But he had hardly disappeared from their sight when he reappeared with a female Grizzly and two cubs at his heels! To the horror of his friends, too, the big Bear was seen to knock the youth senseless with a blow from her paw, and then to retire, growling, with a backward look which certainly implied that she meant to return ere long!

What were the rest of the party to do? Not one of them was armed; they were just a set of city-folks on holiday, and they certainly had not expected to meet with such a terrible adventure. The bravest of them took counsel, however, and decided that they must venture down to find out if their friend still breathed. They were just about to set off on the perilous passage, when, suddenly, up jumped the Bear's victim, and taking to his heels like a madman, raced up the hill towards them at the top of his speed! The blow from the Bear's paw had fallen just below the waist-line of his trousers, and had knocked him senseless, certainly, besides tearing nearly every fragment of clothes from his back; but no bones had been broken, and there was not even a flesh wound to show as a proof of the dreadful experience through which he had passed! It was one of the very narrowest escapes of which I have ever read.

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And perhaps you will understand better what a narrow escape it really was when you know a little more about the North American Grizzly Bear, which roams about the Rocky Mountains, and is to be found in the countries round. It is the fiercest and the most dreadful of all Bears, the largest, the



strongest, and the most greatly feared. The Polar Bear will attack man if it is in need of a meal. The European Bear is no enemy to man, and only retaliates if disturbed; though on very rare occasions it has been known, when emerging in a famished condition from its long winter fast, to attack some human being who has chanced to cross its path. But the Grizzly

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is a much more formidable beast, and it will often attack man quite unprovoked.

It can run fast, and it can swim well. In its youth it is a good climber, though this power decreases as the Bear itself increases in years and weight. It eats much more flesh food than any other kind of bear; and its strength is so great that by its great "hug" it can press out the life of an ox. It has been known to "drag to a considerable distance the carcass of a buffalo weighing about one thousand pounds;" and "a single blow from one of its paws has been known to remove the entire scalp from a man's head!" "No animal will dare to touch a deer that it has killed and left," so greatly is the fierce beast feared; but, strange to say, the Puma—the American panther, about which a chapter has already been written in this book—is said by the Indians to be more than a match for "Old Ephraim," as the Grizzly is nicknamed by the men of the woods.

"Old Ephraim" is more dreaded by the Indian and Canadian trappers than any other beast. He will attack their cattle, horses, or themselves; and such strong measures have had to be taken against him of late years that the Grizzly Bear is now more or less rare. For it is easy to kill a cattle-stealer; a bait of poisoned ox proves a certain draw to the greedy prowler, and his death as certainly follows. But there are more sporting ways of punishing the offender, and "the fact that to hunt him involves danger and adventure is now making the Grizzly game for the white man."

His habits render him easy to track. The Grizzly has a little way of burying his fresh-killed victim, leaving it for a while and returning later on to his *cache* to unearth the dainty and make a meal. Hunters know this, and the usual custom before a Bear-shooting expedition—as Baker, the celebrated

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sportsman, tells—is to kill several deer and to leave their bodies untouched in various localities, letting them lie as a bait for the Grizzly. Next morning at daybreak a hunter visits the baits, and probably finds that the Bears have been busy all night in “scratching a hole something like a narrow grave or trench into which they have rolled the carcass” and covered it with earth and grass. In many cases the Bears may be discovered either working, or else, their work finished, lying down half asleep after a feast. And, Mr. Baker concludes, “in this position it is not difficult to obtain a shot.”

A knowledge of the Grizzly’s habit of burying his kill has been useful in other ways, too. Victims have managed to play ‘possum, and pretend to be dead when in desperate case, enduring burial by the Bear and escaping afterwards! A trapper once encountered a female Grizzly with two cubs, and owed his life to this knowledge of the Bear’s habits. He had only his sharp knife with him, and just managed to unsheathe it as the great creature made a dash at him, seizing him in her huge forepaws as she stood upright on the great flat soles of her hind feet.

Such a small weapon as the knife was of little use, as the victim knew. He kicked a wild tattoo on the stomach of the Bear for a minute, then—just as he felt his left arm being slowly crushed as he was drawn closer and closer in the deadly hug—he managed to plunge the knife as near as he could aim to the silver “horseshoe mark” on the breast, which is the sure target possessed by the Bears of both continents. He failed, however, only wounding the enemy, and he had not the strength to draw back the knife again. A blow from the great beast’s paw at that moment rendered him senseless, and for a time he knew no more.

When he awoke he was lying covered with earth and leaves;

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he peeped out in wonder, and, behold! there was no trace of the Bear! Badly torn, bruised all over, and suffering from loss of blood, but yet hardly able to credit his good fortune, the trapper realized by degrees that he had been "buried" by the Bear. With his heart in his mouth, he crept out from his would-be "grave," and, starting at every sound, made his way slowly homewards, reaching a place of safety, with a very strange tale to tell!

Another man, whose colts had been devoured by a Grizzly,



discovered the body of one of the victims in a *cache* in the forest. Knowing that the Bear would return to devour his prey, the brave rancher lay low and waited with a gun until evening, intending to wreck vengeance on the robber. But, alas! the "plans of mice and men gang aft agley." To cut a long story short: the arrangement didn't work out quite in the way that the rancher had intended it should; for the Grizzly, on ar-

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rival, got the better of his assailant, smashed his rifle, whacked the barrel against its owner's head, and the startled man woke, after a period of unconsciousness, to find himself—buried beside his colt! Fortunately, in this case also, he escaped to tell the tale, *and*—to kill the Grizzly at their second meeting!

However, the Grizzly is not looking for a fight when he is well fed. Hunger drives him to bad deeds. In the zoological gardens of the cities, he makes little trouble and under gentle treatment is a good friend.



THE BROWN BEAR

WHEN you were younger, I am pretty sure that somebody or other used to tell you the story of Goldilocks and the Three Bears; and I am pretty sure, too, that you thought to yourself as you listened, "Well, *that's* not a true tale!"

But perhaps it *is* a true tale; anyhow I am quite sure that there is a great deal of truth hidden away in the story of the little girl of very long ago who went out hunting for berries and found in the forest the home of three Brown Bears. For the tale is an old one, and in the long-ago days Bears *did* prowl about the British forests and roam about the British hills; and if they didn't actually live in houses with beds and porridge-plates and spoons, they saw to it that they had comfortable homes in the caves, or in the hollow trees, or in secret hidey-holes.

What kind of Bears were they? They were big Brown Bears; and though none of them prowl over those islands now, other European countries are not so fortunate. There are very many Bears in the Russian forests; in the Alps and the Pyrenees Mountains they are to be found; in Spain and France; and away up north in Sweden and Norway, too. There are little European children to-day who might go out berry-picking and meet a Bear, and a pretty big one, too!

But not a very fierce one, perhaps; for the Brown Bears of Europe are not cruel and wily like the Grizzlies, and they do not feel so hungry, when they see a human being, as a huge Polar Bear feels. You see, Brown Bears satisfy a very great part of their appetites by feeding on fruit and roots, insects

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and little creatures of the woods; they like honey, too, when they can get it. Plenty of the old fables tell of Bears who stole honey from the bees and got well stung for their bad behavior; and the Bears of to-day do not seem to have learned wisdom yet. The Scandinavian people, indeed, declare that the wild Bears of their country make a habit of trying to dig up the telegraph poles at night. Can you guess why? It is because, in the darkness, when they hear the murmuring of the wires overhead, the greedy beasts feel quite certain that the sound can be nothing else but the buzzing of busy bees, and they set to work to dig for honey!

If you think for a minute, you will soon understand, though, that honey and fruit and roots aren't to be found all the year round. Bears are content enough when they can get them; but there comes a time in the autumn when the big beasts can get very little to eat. What do you think they do then? They *do not* grouse and growl and grumble and grumph, and grow thinner in consequence—not they: they are far too wise. While they are still as fat as happy barrels, they tuck themselves up for a



THE BROWN BEAR

winter sleep. Away in the forests they build themselves a shelter of boughs and leaves, and try to forget all about meals until the spring. Sometimes one of them wakes up with an uncomfortable empty feeling, and prowls about till he finds a dainty—perhaps a sheep or two from the hills, or a cow from some shed, or, very likely, a much simpler snack of fish or some small wild animal of the woods. But it is always the father-Bear who takes these mid-winter excursions; the mother-Bear does not venture out at all.

And for a very good reason, too. At the New Year her cubs are born, two or three of them; and helpless little blind scraps they are, who take a month to learn to see, and three months to learn to eat anything more grown-up than milk. Their mother never leaves them till the spring: she goes without meals herself and stays at home to feed them, giving them lessons, too, in walking, swimming, and climbing; playing games with them, and loving them very much. But that does not mean that she spoils them—dear me, no! The baby-Bears get plenty of spanking and whacking and boxes on the ear, for mother-Bear stands no nonsense, and her cubs soon learn to mind their p's and q's.

Especially as the spring draws near; for mother's temper gets worse and worse as the cold weather goes. And do you wonder; for her children have been a great responsibility in lots of ways, and she has had no meals since last autumn. Hungry people are often cross, and the big mother-Bear is really very hungry by the time that the warmer days arrive, and it is time for the winter-home to be left behind. Indeed, she comes out feeling simply ravenous for a good square meal.

Then is the time that it is safest to keep out of the way of the Brown Bear—when she looks gaunt and thin, and hollow-eyed, and has two or three hungry cubs at her side which she

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must feed as well as herself. She would eat you up as soon as she saw you, I fear, if you chanced upon her path in the early spring. But at *any* time of the year, if you dared to interfere with one of her cubs, she would turn on you in rage, hug you to death, and tear you to pieces with her great claws. A Brown Bear mother who had lost her young ones has been known to attack a whole band of armed men. On one occasion, too, a traveller, who stole two Baby-Bears during the absence of their mother, had a dreadful race for his life. He certainly would not have lived to tell the tale had he not been quick-witted enough to drop one of the cubs as he ran. The poor mother was so relieved to see her baby that she gave up the chase, and devoted herself to it for a while before continuing her angry rush; and by that time the traveller had got clear away with the other small member of the family.



THE RHINOCEROS

“The lion and the unicorn were fighting for the crown;
The lion beat the unicorn all around the town. . .”

I NEEDN’T go on, for everybody knows these lines, I should think; but everybody *doesn’t* know that the Unicorn of the old verse is supposed, very likely, to have been a one-horned Rhinoceros. The lion won the day, didn’t he? He is owned to this day as king of the beasts, but I think the Rhinoceros is happy enough without the honor in his forest home.

He is a great huge beast—the biggest of all the quadrupeds except the elephant. He is a frightfully ugly beast, the ugliest animal in the world without doubt. He is a well-protected beast, for his coat is just like jointed armor. Not so many years ago it was believed that no bullet could pierce the thick hide, but to-day specially hardened ones are used by sportsmen who go out to hunt the big game. He is a bad-tempered beast, too, is the Rhinoceros, even when no one annoys him; and when they *do*—well, his fury is too terrible for words.

There are Rhinos to be found in different parts of the world: in India, in Africa, and in the islands of Java and Sumatra. In some countries they bear *one* horn upon their “armed snootes,” in others they bear two—one standing behind the other. In some countries the coat of the Rhinceros is much folded, and in others the skin is not folded at all. Some of the great beasts possess sharp tusks, while others have cutting teeth only. There are many differences, as you see, but there are many likenesses as well. For every Rhinoceros uses his horn or horns for defence when he is attacked, as well as for root-

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ing up trees. The four great trampling feet are used as defence too. None of the Rhinos eat meat; they all live on grasses and trees in marshy places. If you went to look for an African Rhino, for instance, you would be wise to seek him near the red-barked mimosa tree, the branches of which he loves. Well, suppose we *did* find one? What would he be doing?

Probably he wouldn't notice us at first, for he can't see very well, though his eyes sparkle as if he could. His powers of hearing and smelling are good though; but the scent of the mimosa flower would be so strong that he would not notice us, and we would keep on the right side of the wind, and lie low and watch him eat. With his sharp teeth he would be cutting off the branches, using his upper lips as a kind of useful finger with which to choose the tit-bits that took his fancy, and going about the job as daintily as the elephant might with his long trunk.

Suddenly we might see the Rhino lumber off towards the stream—the flies are bothering him. Great armoured beast as he is, looking as tough as any tank, yet the tiny, fiercely-biting insects can get in to his soft flesh through the folds of his thick skin, and they aggravate him horribly. There is no cure for them except a mud-bath, or a plunge in the river. Often the Rhino will bask under water for hours, or roll himself in the river-mud till he is quite plastered over, to escape the flies' attacks. It seems strange that such a huge monster should fear such wee enemies, when all the larger beasts keep out of his way as much as they can. Still, the Rhino has tiny *friends*, too, to make the balance even. Have you ever heard of rhinoceros birds?

A rhinoceros bird is a little gray chap, rather like a thrush to look at, and with a song not unlike that of the missel-thrush too. It feeds on the insects that bother the Rhino, and, so that

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it may get plenty to eat, it rarely leaves the monster's back. There may be several of them all peck-pecking together, finding a nice supper, and doing a good turn at one and the same time, much in the same way as our crows help themselves to ticks from the backs of sheep grazing in the fields. Nothing bothers the rhinoceros birds. If the Rhino goes for a walk, so do they, as comfortably as possible. If he passes under a low branch



and sweeps them all off, they chatter a bit; but they overtake the old lumberer and feed again. They often stick to him while he is asleep, waking him when it is time to bestir himself. On one occasion a hunter who had left the carcass of a Rhino for an hour or so found the birds singing over its body to wake master in the morning! These useful servants not only help to rid the Rhino of his pests; they are a great help to him, too, in times of danger. If a hunter be near they will flap their wings and screech out a warning until their master hurries into

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safety, much to the disappointment of the sportsman, who regards these fussy little danger-signals as a regular nuisance.

Terrible stories have been told of encounters with the Rhinoceros. If the beast be disturbed he will hurry off at a quick trot, going too quickly for a man to keep up with him; he will gallop if he is pursued on horseback. A good horse can often run the Rhinoceros down on easy ground, and then the hunter may get the chance of a clever sword-thrust; or a special bullet, well directed from close range, may do the trick; but the Rhino's clever way of springing along the ground has tired out many Arab horses before now.

African natives tell strange tales of the way that the Rhino will lie in ambush and dash out at its enemies. They declare too that after death the beast's cruel horn, if it be fashioned into a drinking cup, will show up any poisonous liquid that may be put therein, by causing it to froth and bubble. These natives are in great fear of the monster, which will, they declare with truth, trample its victim to powder after it has tossed him with its cruel horn.

Rhinos are rather good parents, for the mother never allows her calf to get into harm's way. She always arranges for it to walk just ahead, and she "guides it by holding the point of her horn on the young one's rump." The young one seems to love its parents too, and to be dutifully inclined. It is said to fight for them fiercely enough in time of need, by butting with its head at the enemy, though its horn is not sufficiently grown to be of use.

A little native boy, bathing in a pool where he had no business to be, suddenly found himself seated upon a living raft! A great Rhino, who had been lying below water, rose to the surface just at the spot where the youngster was floating, and proceeded to plunge for the shore! The little chap, taken

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quite unawares, determined to stick on, and he hung somehow, by legs and arms, hoping that he'd get the chance presently to slip off all unbeknownst; but as soon as the monster reached the edge of the forest, it broke into a run, that soon changed into a gallop. The boy was afraid to jump in case the beast might know of his presence, and in anger at his escape might turn and trample on him. What to do he didn't know! Where he was being taken to he didn't care to guess. In fact, he was doing nothing but clinging on and trying not to blubber; when, whack! the beast passed like lightning under the thick branch of a forest tree. The boy was switched off backwards, falling with a crack on his woolly pate upon the rough forest track. When he picked himself up again there was no sign of the Rhino at all except the spoor left by his heavy feet. "Golly!" said the little black boy thoughtfully; and he went home looking rather grave.



THE WILD BOAR

OUR domestic pigs are descendants of the Wild Boars of long ago, and there is plenty of good meat to be got from *them*; indeed, it has been said that the "animal in which there is least waste is the hog;" for not only is practically the whole of the beast suitable for food, but its skin is used for leather, and its bristles are useful too. Still, though the kings



and barons of long ago certainly liked their tables to groan with good meat, I think that sport came first, and undoubtedly the pastime of hunting the Wild Boar on horseback with the help of dogs and spears was very popular. Writers of to-day, too, who have tried "pig-sticking" in India on horseback, with spears in their hands, and who, with dogs and guns, have followed the Wild Boar on foot in European countries, are all enthusiastic about



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THE WILD BOAR

this particular kind of sport. "Owing to the beast's strength, speed, and ferocity when at bay," writes a traveller, "it is a formidable beast of chase." There have been several cases when the Wild Boar of India "has beaten off a tiger or even killed him," writes another. Indeed, the Boar seems to be, as Baker, the great hunter, says, "a really thorough and determined fighter who does battle for the love of the thing. There is no creature in the brute creation that will hold its own against all comers with equal pluck and tenacity of purpose, so determinedly as a staunch old Boar."

Captain Shakespeare, while hunting in the Deccan, had an exciting adventure with a Wild Boar. A native brought news to him one day that a Wild Boar was to be seen not far off. There he was too, sure enough, and the Captain noticed pretty quickly that, about a hundred yards distant from where the unsuspecting beast was standing on the hill, was "a fissure thickly wooded," which no doubt must be the wild beast's lair.

At all costs the quarry must be kept from hiding in his stronghold, as the sportsman knew; so he galloped his horse with all speed round to a spot "between the Boar and his retreat," and waited there with his hunting companion—a native officer—till the beaters should drive the creature towards them. It appeared suddenly, and Captain Shakespeare had just time to strike his spear into the haunches of the beast as it careered on towards the jungle; it carried the spear with it, plunged fast into its body, and the shaft broke off against the first jungle branches that it encountered in its headlong rush. Now was the time for the native officer to close with the beast, and he did so, but missed aim with his spear, and found himself, to his amazement, thrown thirty yards into the air as the Boar ran at his horse and lifted it off its legs, terrifying the beast so much, indeed, that it unseated its rider, who came to ground.

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Now the Boar made for the native officer, and if it had not been that, at Captain Shakespeare's shout, the beaters unloosed three dogs, it would have gone hard with this fresh victim; but, as it was, the Boar turned and made "full tilt for his stronghold, with the dogs following." They held him at bay, too, but were in such a parlous plight that Captain Shakespeare, although he was armed with a fresh spear, made up his mind that they would speedily be slaughtered if not relieved; and he called to a beater for his gun, dismounted from his horse, and went to attack the Boar on foot, thus to divert his attention from the dogs.

As he came near, the Boar, seeing the hunter, put his head a little way down and made a rush straight for him. "While he was about fifteen yards off," writes Captain Shakespeare, "he received the first bullet of my rifle in his neck. Taking not the least notice of it, he came on, and the second bullet, fired at him at about five yards, broke his left lower jaw under the tusk." Then, just as the rifle was pointed for the third time, the Boar came close, struck it with his head, and sent the Captain over on his back; ran over the prostrate body, and tusked the hunter's left arm, knocking over a beater who was racing to the rescue with a large spear. Then the Boar encountered the dogs again, who "tackled him," and thus gave the Captain time to get up, put his rifle to rights, and follow on.

This he did, meeting the enemy again face to face with only fifteen yards between them, when, taking aim, the sportsman "sent a bullet through the Boar's eye into his brain and rolled him over dead."

So much for the Boar as a plucky fighter. But before I finish this chapter, I think it is only fair to him to write just a little about his ordinary daily life; for, fierce enemy though he be, he only attacks man when provoked, and he is quite

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willing to live a quiet life in the forest if he is left alone. He chooses damp, soppy ground if he can find it, and roams along quite easily and lightly over marshy places because of his power of spreading out his four-toed feet broadly as the need arises. Four toes he has, but *forty-four* teeth, all very differently shaped, too, because he eats such a lot of different kinds of food, and he must be able to cope with the chewing of them all. You have seen a tub of pig-swill at a farm? Every sort of eatable refuse is thrown in there together, and yet the pigs leave none of it—meat, vegetables, fish, soup, milk, anything and everything, they eat up gladly. Well, the Wild Boar's appetite is much the same.

But he has no farmer friend to throw out daily meals for him; everything he eats must be found and often rooted up by himself, and, accordingly, he attends to the business. All day the Boars hide in the woods, but at night they sally forth in parties; half a dozen mother sows, perhaps, with as many youngsters to each mother, and a father or two skulking a little way off, or else foraging for themselves elsewhere, which, I am ashamed to say, they generally do. They all root up with their tusks, and they grub away with their clever snouts, snuffing out the roots and fungus, grain and bulbs, with their nostrils. Then, if food grows scarce, the herd travels on to a better place, leaving ever so many bristles behind, very likely as a kind of trail, round the trunks of the trees where they have been rubbing themselves.

They go at a good round trot; five or six miles an hour is their pace when they are out foraging. In India the damage that they do is really dreadful; whole fields are ploughed of their crops by the Boars in a single night. In a few hours they will steal every grain of corn in a newly sown plot; fields are completely turned up by them, as though by some agricultural

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implement, and actually nothing left. Not only, too, do they spoil fields of sugar-cane by sucking out the sweet juice, but the mothers make shelters for their babies out of bitten-off canes, these shelters being built up like little houses with a door through which the sow can enter or depart, and which she carefully closes when she sallies forth on business.

Indeed, Boars and Wild Hogs are said to be second only to rats in the dreadful damage that they do to food and property; and if you read somewhere a chapter on rats, you'll see that this is no great compliment. I think we are fortunate to have lost them from this country, and to have kept only their quiet and well-behaved relatives—the harmless necessary pigs.



PYTHONS

THE Python and the boa constrictor are near relations; and it is just as well that they've got each other for relations, perhaps, for they are terribly lonely in the way of friends there is no one in all the world who would care to make the acquaintance of these snakes at home. They are all very well in the Zoo; we can admire their beautifully marked bodies as we watch them from behind strong bars, but—well, even the most sporting huntsman has no great desire to meet a Python at close quarters.

Suppose we did, though, where would it be? In the jungle, high above us, I expect—swinging to and fro from the tree top quite innocently, just like an extra branch. It would probably be too dark in the thick growth of the jungle for us to see its brilliant markings, and we should never suspect that it was there at all, until—well, we won't go into *that*!

The Python is wise (from the point of view of its supper) when it chooses the tree branch for its vantage-point. If it were a poisonous snake, it would probably lie in the deep undergrowth, waiting to fix its fangs into some unsuspecting passer-by. But Pythons and boas have no poison fangs; instead, they have teeth.

But, unlike the four-legged hunters, the Python can do very little in the way of hunting for food; it has another weapon for that—a horrible



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weapon—a power of dropping upon its victim, seizing it, and coiling itself round and round the poor creature's throat and chest until it is suffocated. From where the great snake hangs on the tree it can get good grip, and it presses its folds tighter and tighter and coils itself round and round until the first part of the horrid business is done.

The second part of the affair is to prepare the prey for swallowing. It is easy to understand, if one thinks for a minute, that such quarry as a large goat or deer must be difficult for the Python to take into its jaws at once. And it is not as though the snake always kept to such small prey as these; for bulls and buffaloes have been known to serve as meals to the largest kinds of Pythons. It is plain, then, that they must have some method of swallowing exceedingly large mouthfuls, as the teeth with which they have been provided are not suitable for crushing and tearing the food.

Well, the bones of the victim are broken under the weight of the great snake, and its body is mangled into a kind of sausage-shape; then it is taken in slowly, slowly to the great mouth, for the mouth of the Python is really much larger than one could guess—when it is wide open it looks more like a huge sack than anything else. Then when so much of the preparation is done, the Python's hook-like teeth come into play; they are not used for biting with, but they help to fix the food in the snake's mouth and keep it there while the great reptile begins to swallow.

Very difficult it must be to dispose of such huge mouthfuls; any one who has watched a Python gradually swallowing its supper can tell you that it is quite possible to watch the progress of the meal as it passes through the coils of the huge creature's body. A meal in the Python family must be a great effort, and so it is always followed by a long rest. The snake

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lies in a state of torpor for days after it has fed well; indeed, natives say that sometimes months pass between meals when the "kill" has been a big one.

A traveller once had a most terrifying experience with an Indian Python. He was passing through the jungle unarmed, and with no other companion than a single native, when as quick as lightning, the branch above his head seemed to spring into life, a great coil encircled him, and he found himself in the grip of a huge snake.

If it had not been for the native, all would have been over far sooner than it takes me to write down the story; but this particular herdman was quick-witted and courageous, also he was close at hand, and was armed with a sharp native knife. Quick as thought, he plunged his weapon under the huge snake's neck as deep as he could. Had he waited for another half-second the traveller would have been crushed to death, but as it was the giant grip slowly relaxed; the Python fell, and the traveller found that, though still wound up in the coils of the reptile, it was possible to extricate himself and to survey the corpse of the most horrible enemy it had ever been his fate to meet.

Mother Pythons are very good to their young. When the eggs are laid they collect them together and coil themselves over them, keeping them safe and warm till the young snakes are hatched. But there is not much truth in some of the travellers' tales that are told of the ways of mother snakes. For old natives would have us believe, and for a long time it *was* believed too, that in times of danger the young ones fly for safety down the throats of their mothers, seeking safety in her stomach from their enemies. No one believes that nowadays, of course; but a sportsman was greatly bewildered not so very many years ago at a sight that he saw, and he wondered for a little while whether there might not be some truth in the story after all.

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He noticed a mother snake crossing a bare piece of ground with a number of her young ones. She did not see him at first, but on first catching sight of the intruder she hissed loudly and coiled herself up; whereupon every one of the young ones disappeared like magic. This seemed strange, but on a charge of shot being fired point-blank at the mother, finishing her off, the baby snakes reappeared in sight, having been hidden away in the twists and twirls of her coiled body that they might be out of danger's way.



SHARKS

THE very sound of the word "Shark" seems to tell you something of the nature of the fish, doesn't it? The name sounds greedy and fierce and merciless. Well, perhaps it was invented just to suit its owner, for no one is quite certain where the word first came from. It was very likely decided upon by the sailors who brought the first specimen of a really large Shark to England in the year 1569.

Everybody has read stories, or heard them, about Shark adventures in the warm seas of the tropics—tales in which bathers have been attacked in the water by the toothy monster, in which native diving-boys have fallen victims, or in which sailors who have fallen overboard have met their death from the cruel jaws of a hungry shark. And after reading such tales one is inclined to shiver a bit—first with horror that there should be such dreadful adventures, and then with thankfulness that we haven't got any Sharks near home! Wait a bit, though; there is no good in being falsely relieved. We *have* got Sharks round our shores very often—true Sharks, as well as perfect *shoals* of Shark relations!

Probably you've seen them too, and I'm pretty certain that you've seen Shark egg-cases. They are large enough to hold one egg, or sometimes two. I found my first empty egg-case when I was six years old. My nurse told me that it was a "shepherd's purse"—"mermaid's purses," though, most children call them, I think. That is a more sensible name for the square, horny coverings, with the four strong threads growing from

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their corners, that are found so often on the beach cast up by the sea. Often as they are found, though, it is very seldom that a baby Shark is discovered inside. The egg has generally hatched out, and the fish has swum away, having been nurseried in the high seas amongst the floating seaweed, to which its egg-case was held fast by the help of those four clinging threads. There, indeed, was a baby that had been "rocked in the cradle of the deep."

Now for the Sharks that come about our shores. First of all, I said that there were shoals of Shark relations round our coasts, and so there are: these are the "dog-fish." A very old scholar, who in 1622 wrote an account of a Shark, described it as "like unto those which wee call dogge-fishes, but that he is farre greater." Another old writer, on the same track, declared that "the Shark hath not his name for nothing, for he will make a morsell of anything he can attack, master, and devour." Well, that second description will fit the dog-fish as well as the Shark; the difference between the creatures lies in the strength of their teeth and the powers of their appetite, really. They are both equally hungry and greedy.

If you've seen dog-fish, and I expect you have, you'll probably have met them in fisherman's nets. They follow the shoals of herring and mackerel, intent on eating as many of these little fish as they can swallow. They make their way with them into the nets, and used generally to be pitched back again into the sea, for there was "no trade doing" in dog-fish. Sometimes they were brought in if the catch was a poor one, sent off by train to some inland city, and sold to innocent townsfolk as John Dory or some other kind of fish. The war has taught us that dog-fish is a food that we must not despise, even when we eat it under its own name; but—well, a fish that is so nearly related to the Shark, and that spoils the fisherman's harvest by

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preying upon its smaller brethren, will never be a favorite with the fisher-folk, I fear.

There is a really true Shark, too — the Blue Shark — that sometimes comes to English shores, and for the same reason that the dog-fish comes. Although its true home is in the waters of the Mediterranean Sea, it is sometimes found off the British coasts about the month of June. It may range from eight to twenty feet in length, but it is generally the smaller ones that we have the luck to see. Some boys who were spending a holiday on the Cornish coast fell in with a fisherman on the beach who was in a bad state of worry: a Blue Shark, following a shoal of mackerel, had made its way into his nets, and had there run amuck. It had bitten the nets to pieces in its efforts to escape; and when the fisherman went to draw in his catch, his only haul proved to be this most unwelcome visitor, while the smaller fry had all escaped through the holes.

“And there’ll be no mending the nets,” remarked the rue-



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ful fisherman; "and there'll be no more fishing neither this season, for I've got enough money to buy new ones."

Here was a pretty kettle of fish, to say the least of it. The boys had wits, though, and they used them. It was while they were studying the great creature's jaw, with its rows of sharp triangular teeth which had done so much mischief, that the idea came to them. "Not many people have seen such a chap as *this*, I'll be bound," said one of them. "They'd crowd round, wouldn't they, if they got the chance. Suppose we *give* them the chance, and let them help towards new nets in exchange for the sight!" So the end of it was that the Blue Shark was hoisted on to a barrow and taken round town; exhibited to every one who cared to see it at a payment of one penny a peep; and the money thus procured went a long way towards securing new nets for the fisherman.

Another Shark that visits England is the Basking Shark—a huge creature, sometimes as long as thirty feet. It has many other names besides that one: the Sun-fish it is called, or the Sail-fish, because it has the habit of coming to the surface of the water when the sun is hot, and of lying there to bask with one fin stuck up like a sail. It is seen round about the south coasts of England, but it is also fairly common about Orkney too. The Orcadians have a special name for it: "the Homer" they call it, because their name for pickled dog-fish is "hoe;" and "Homer" to them means the "mother of the hoe."

This Basking Shark would do no harm to any one if it were not attacked. It eats fish, and enjoys itself, and is quite content to live and let human beings live. But there *are* dangers to fear from it if it be hunted, as it sometimes is for its oil, of which about a ton or more can be found in its carcass. Then, when its great tail comes into play, the fisherman must be very careful indeed, or they and their boat may be tossed

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skywards, and the hunt may have a very different finish from that which they intended.

I expect you are beginning to wonder by this time how it is that some Sharks don't attack men while others do. It depends entirely on their teeth. There are some kinds of Sharks with powerful cutting teeth, and they are dangerous to man; but there are also Sharks with any amount of tiny teeth, and *they* live upon crabs, small fish, and shell-fish, as well as on any other food that their jaws can tackle. The Blue Sharks have large teeth, and are to be feared. The Basking Sharks have small teeth, and no danger is to be expected from their wide jaws.

Perhaps the White Shark is the most dangerous of all; but these fierce creatures, fortunately, for us, remain in warmer seas than ours. They come next in size to the great whales; their huge teeth make short work of the limbs of a man. These great monsters are most at home in the Mediterranean Sea, and will follow ships for days in the hope of food.

Some sailors, during an exciting experience upon the back of a dead whale, suffered at one and the same time a second and most terrifying adventure with a shark. They had been cast adrift on a rough raft from a sinking ship. They had no idea of their bearings, and it was with great relief that one of them suddenly descried "land right ahead!"

However, the "land" turned out, on closer investigation, to be nothing less than the body of a dead whale, with a quantity of gear and some float hanging about its head, and with harpoons still sticking in its great body. It must have been abandoned by some whalers, thought the crew. But it's an ill wind that blows nobody any good; so, making their raft fast to a couple of the harpoon lines which hung from the monster's body, the adventurers hauled themselves up on to his great

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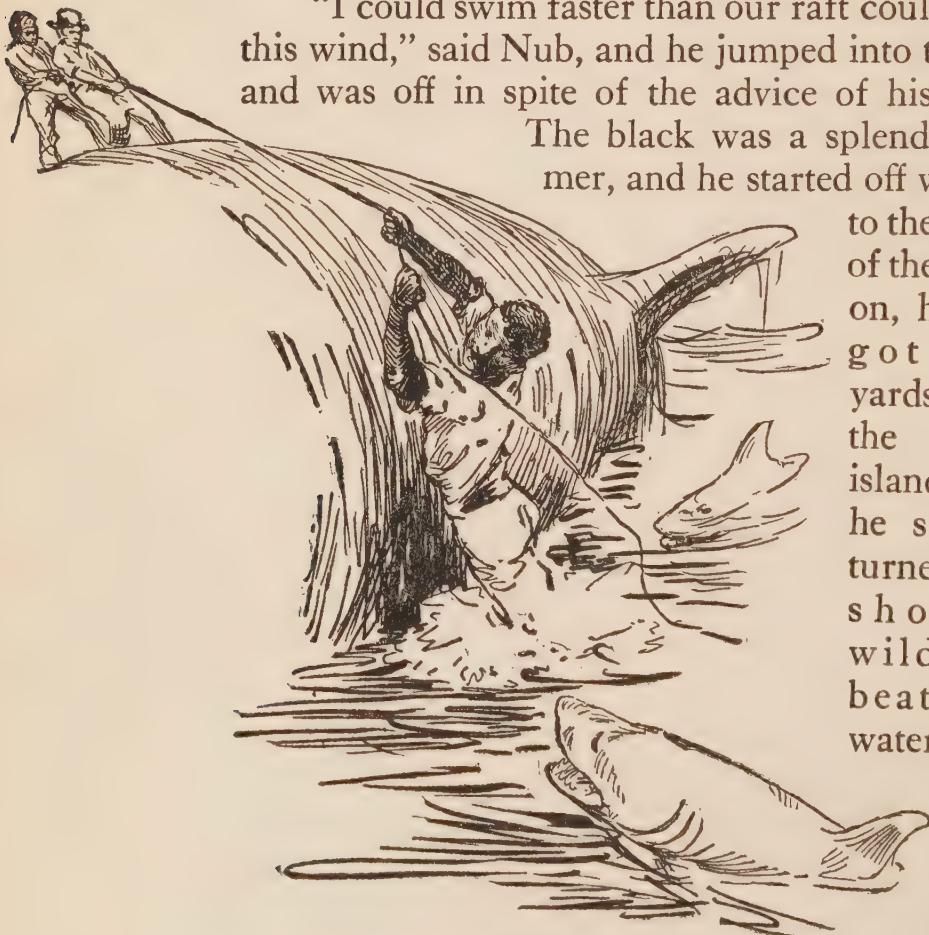
back. "For here is food at last," said they, "and we may be able to sight a sail and wave signals for help from this great height."

Things at first went pretty well as they had hoped. They managed to kindle a fire on the whale's carcass, and strips of blubber were soon being roasted and eaten. Then, "A sail!" shouted Nub, the colored man of the crew; "dere—to the south!"

And a sail it was, but no notice did it take of the signals of the party upon the whale-island. "We'd better shove out after it on our raft," suggested another of the men.

"I could swim faster than our raft could pull in this wind," said Nub, and he jumped into the water and was off in spite of the advice of his friends.

The black was a splendid swimmer, and he started off well; but, to the surprise of the lookers-on, he hadn't got many yards from the whale-island when he suddenly turned again, shouting wildly and beating the water with his



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hands and feet. Sharks were after him; so much was certain, for their fins could be seen above the water. His companions were struck with horror, for they could do little to help their colored friend; but they shouted and screamed with might and main to frighten off the brutes, and at the same time begged of Nub to keep up hope.

All would have been over for the brave fellow had not one of his chums thought of a clever dodge. He cut off huge bits of blubber from the whale on which they were standing, and threw the portions out into the water as far from the struggling sailor as was possible. As was hoped, the savage sharks were attracted by the smell of the blubber-fat, and for a moment or two they forgot their human prey and turned to seize the titbits.

“Now for it, old Nub!” called the men, and seizing the harpoon lines they noosed one of them round the body of a spear. “Catch, Nub!” they yelled, and threw the weapon into the water.

The black was by this time very much exhausted, but he laid hold of the spear, and was instantly drawn up by the men, who stood above tugging at the line with all their might. And not an instant too soon: Nub’s feet were only just clear of the water when the heads of two huge sharks appeared above the waves. With their great jaws gaping open, they made a last but fortunately an unsuccessful effort to seize their disappearing prey!

The teeth of the White Shark are terrible even to think of. It is said that their mouths are “paved with teeth,” and certainly they possess several rows of great triangular fangs. I have read that only one of these rows is used for biting purposes, and that, as these biting teeth are worn away, those from the rows behind are pushed forward by degrees to take their place. Speaking of the Shark’s teeth, I must really mention,

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too, the huge, tremendous teeth that are to be found in some of the tropical seas. Off Florida so many of these have been discovered that they have been traded off for manuring purposes! and so large are the great fangs that scientists have decided that they must have belonged to Sharks measuring at least ninety feet long.

Sharks are hunted off the coasts of Russia and Norway; for in death they have their uses, although in life they are nothing less than the biggest pests in creation. The Chinese use their fins to make gelatin. Shagreen leather is manufactured from their skin; this skin is also used for the polishing of wood, on account of its sharp surface. But it is for the oil of the shark, first and foremost, that the fish is hunted.

The Norwegians go after them into the far seas in large decked vessels; but the Russians use little, open boats, and their fisheries lie close to home. Their plan, roughly speaking, is to lower a tub full of grease, which of course soon spreads oily over the water, and thus attracts the victims to the spot. Hooks are then lowered by chains baited with seal meat, and the Sharks are dragged up as they are caught. You can imagine that there must be considerable danger about the hauling up of a live Shark into an open boat; but the men know their job all right, and have made their plans. There is generally a crew of four on such expeditions, and while three of them are needed to draw up the monster, the fourth stands by armed with a heavy wooden mallet. With this he strikes the Shark a blow on the head as soon as it appears; and while it is still stunned it is ripped up with a long knife for the sake of the oil, which is the treasure that the men are out to seek.

There are other dangers, of course, attendant on this way of Shark fishing. Sometimes a whole shoal of the monsters may attack the open boat; then the cable has to be cut in-

SHARKS

stantly, the hunt abandoned, and the men make for the shore with all the speed they can muster. Sometimes they get the better of the Sharks; but sometimes—well, the Sharks may get the better of the crew, and there are sad homes on shore that night.

Sharks have other enemies besides the fishes: there is a tiny little insect that attacks them to their grievous bodily hurt. Sailors tell of Greenland Sharks which are the victims of the on-slaught of a kind of blood-sucking fly which fixes itself on to the pupils of their eyes, blinding the monsters entirely, and making them so wretched and helpless that they will make no effort to escape if they be attacked by man when in this state.



CROCODILES

YOU have often seen newts and lizards, I expect. You may have caught them, too, to keep for a while in fresh water as pets. Well, how would you like to keep the King of the Reptiles as a pet?—the great fierce Crocodile beast that lives on the banks of the Nile, “with such scales . . . as a dragon hathe . . .”—so the long-ago people used to declare; and really Crocodiles aren’t altogether unlike dragons, you know.

And I was talking about making pets of them, and it wasn’t a joke either. Long ago the Crocodile *was* petted—he was even worshipped; though that was partly, I except, because the worshippers were so frightened of the great beast that they tried to keep on socially good terms with him. He had a temple of his own in the ancient city of Memphis. He had priests to serve him too; and he was fed with cakes and roast meat and goodies. His ears were pierced with golden rings, and he wore bracelets on his feet. He became so tame after a while that he could be led in processions for the people to see; but I’m perfectly certain that he wasn’t happy, for what a time he was missing!

What a jolly time the wild Crocodiles on the banks had then, away down by the rivers; and what a jolly time they have to-day. The baby eggs are laid in nests on the sandy banks. If you came across one of them you might mistake it for a goose egg, for the Crocodile’s eggs are of about that size, and they are white too. But there is every chance that you *wouldn’t* find one, for the mother is careful of her eggs. She has several dozen to hatch, and she makes a hole for them, lays them in-

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side, and covers the nest over with white sand; not that she's expecting *boys* to come and steal them, but she's expecting greedy thieves, the ichneumons, who are fond of eggs and young Crocodiles. Hawks and vultures enjoy them too, if they can get them. "But they shan't, if I can help it," says mother Crocodile as she lays herself down to sleep all day on the top of the nest. For twelve weeks she watches over them,



then her listening ear catches the sound of funny little voices below. "Pip! pip!" calls the babies; "we're nearly ready!"

I wish you could see the mother then. She sets to work to remove the sand at once, for she doesn't want her family to be suffocated as soon as they appear. She is only just in time, for the eggs are cracking: the young ones are breaking the shells with horny warts that grow on the tips of their noses for that very purpose. Here they are! Oh, how very very wee they look beside their huge mother, as she leads them proudly down to the water. Imagine a great parent of perhaps thirty feet long, and then imagine ever so many babies of exactly the right

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size to fit into a goose's egg shell! It's rather ridiculous, isn't it? But the children begin to grow at once, and as they're born with a whole mouthful of teeth, they can set to work to gobble up flies and frogs and lizards, and so make up for lost time. But they are not satisfied with such small fry for their meals very long. Unless they're to be meals *themselves* for the big birds and the ichneumons, they must grow fast and furiously; and so they do.

Before many months have passed they are lying in the sun on the banks, or lazing in the streams as their parents do, half hidden under the water, until a passerby would think they were just a row of logs. But really their eyes are watching and they are waiting for some beast to come down to the river to drink.

It must be simply wonderful to watch the Crocodile waiting for his prey. He breathes in air, as we do, to keep himself alive; but he must hide under the water, too, or he would be seen and avoided. How does he manage to do both things at once? He has a wonderful arrangement by means of which he can lie under the water with only his nostrils showing. He can keep his jaws wide open under the water, too, if he likes, for his breathing passages are quite cut off from his mouth. There is no fear of him choking, however much water he may swallow! and I can tell you that sometimes he is forced to swallow a great deal without meaning to. This is when he sets out to attack. He may very often lie for hours in the river, looking just like a dead tree trunk; and then down may come a *tiger* to drink!

Does the Crocodile come splashing to meet him? Rather not; the tiger would turn tail at once if he did. *His* plan is to keep his log-camouflage trick going until the prey is really drinking deeply, and then with a sudden dash (and the speed

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of the Crocodile in the water has really to be seen if it is to be believed) he is upon the victim, and, with his great horrible mouth wide, wide open from ear to ear, he seizes the tiger's head between his rows of teeth!

Well, the dreadful struggle that takes place then generally ends in the death of the victim on the bank. The huge strength of the Crocodile makes it pretty certain that he will drag his prey down under water, and his aim then is to hold it down until he drowns it. He doesn't drown *himself*—no fear; not with that arrangement at the back of his throat! He doesn't generally eat the victim at once. In spite of his huge mouth the Crocodile's gullet is small, and his teeth are more fitted for killing than chewing, so his plan is to bury the prey under the mud, and leave it there until the meat is old and easier to eat. A story is told of a native who was seized by a Crocodile and buried in this way, and who lay in the mud till his enemy had cleared off, and then—swam away!

The Crocodile has many victims; the river banks are not safe in many parts for the native women to go down and draw water or to wash their clothes. Men have been swept by the great beast's tail from the sides of their open boats. Little boys disappear like magic after a day's adventuring by the river. There are dreadful tales of loss of life and of the wily ways that the Crocodiles lure their victims to their death. The old



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writers believed Crocodiles to be so clever that they would weep tears till anxious mortals stopped to inquire the reason, when "weeping for *you!*" would be the gist of the reply, as their wide jaws opened fast. From that old fable we get the proverb about "Crocodiles' tears," I suppose; but it seems a pretty silly story.

Anyhow, no native would stop and sympathize with a Crocodile nowadays: they hate them; and "necessity being the mother of invention," they have devised some clever ways of killing the great enemy. Sometimes Crocodiles are captured alive by means of running nooses fastened to trees on the river banks; but the cleverest way is, I think, the native method of wrapping toothsome bait round two pointed crosswise sticks, and attaching the whole to a rope. When *that* dainty has been swallowed, it locks the Crocodile's jaws! There is a story about a native who went to the river to fish for a Crocodile; he was preparing his sticks in the way I mentioned above, and his bait was lying handy, when a scream was heard. A young girl, who had come down the opposite bank to fetch water, overbalanced herself and fell in. At the same instant a dark object in the river moved suddenly and proved itself to be a waiting Crocodile. With great speed it made tracks towards its prey.

But it hadn't reckoned with the clever native. There was no time to find weapons. He dived into the river with nothing more deadly in his hand than one of the sticks for the bait-trap, at which he had been whittling when the adventure began. Swimming under water he made for the enemy; and as its huge jaws opened, he planted with great force and steady aim the pointed stick within them! The great jaws were held immovably open: the attack was balked. The Crocodile could only show its fury by beating up the water into waves with its huge

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tail, and under cover of this foam the two swimmers made their way merrily shorewards and fetched a European sportsman, who greatly enjoyed the opportunity of sending a bullet through the open mouth and down the great wide throat!

There is much more to be written about crocodiles, for instance, about the way they catch birds, by using their huge jaws as a trap; about the queer little bird-chums that live with some kinds of crocodiles; and about the curious varieties, large and small, in various countries, but more must be learned from scientific animal books.



SEA-LIONS

THE Sea-Lion is the fur-bearing seal. Why these beasts are called "lions" I am not quite sure; it is perhaps because some of them possess small manes. But as they are called "sea-bears" too, occasionally, I think both names may have been given to them on account of the fact that they are bigger and more important-looking creatures than their cousins, the little earless seals; for some of the fur-bearing seals weigh as much as 1,600 pounds, and they may be as long as fifteen feet. The female Sea-Lion is only about half as large as her mate.

I must tell you a little about the fur-seal's family life. It is very strange and queer—almost like a page out of a wonder book. For part of the year they just swim about enjoying themselves, and feeding on fish, penguins' eggs, and other dainties that the water, the ice, and the rocky islets can afford. All round the Pacific coast they go, as far north as Kamchatka, down to the colder regions of the Southern Hemisphere, swimming gracefully with the help of their front flappers—which, to look at, are rather like penguins' wings; by means of their hind limbs crawling ungracefully about on rocky shores, in a way that always reminds me of unhappy mermaids washed to land; diving off again as though they were jolly glad to go; never a bit quarrelsome, always contented and happy and gay.

But what a change takes place about midsummer-time! Midsummer madness, it seems; for then, in June, the father-seals begin to feel uneasy and bad-tempered. They don't all make off in different directions though, so that their quarrels

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shan't come to anything. No, instead they all make for certain islands, where they land—flopping up the beach till each finds some little space of land, about ten feet square, perhaps, which he decides upon as his home; and there they camp!

High and dry, nothing will budge them. Woe to another seal who thinks he would like a spot that has been already ap-



propriated. A Sea-Lion's home is his castle, and he means to hold it. Fearful struggles take place; not one of them dares to eat or sleep for fear of enemies creeping in to steal. It is rather like a very fierce game of Tiddlers' ground, only there is no "gold and silver" on the father-seals' pieces of ground. They are all just bare, uninteresting-looking patches, and it seems all a piece of nonsense for them to care so much about them.

But there *is* a reason. In about a month's time after the

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father-seals have settled, another arrival takes place. A huge company of mother-seals comes swimming up to the coast; tribes and tribes of them, all anxious to land on the island too. Now you can begin to see why these little bits of shore were all so jealously guarded; they are *homes*—homes for the mother-seals who are now on the way!

With a shouting and bellowing from the land, where each father-seal is calling to the company in the sea, to beg them to come to him! He is afraid to go and meet them, you know, lest some one should steal his patch while he is away. What floppings and flappings and shoutings from the mother-seals as they land! The excitement gets wilder after that, for the fact of the matter is that each father-seal is a Bluebeard, and wants as many wives as he can get to adorn his patch. Furious fights take place, and the victory goes to the strongest seals, who seize their wives by the necks and drag them up the beach, fighting with any one who dares to interfere, and arriving home covered with honorable wounds!

But the fighting doesn't stop even after every seal-lady has a home: perhaps she doesn't like it, perhaps some one else offers her a nicer one. Even if she *does* like it, another Bluebeard may want to come and steal her. Fights go on: every one is scarred and wounded, and in the middle of the din the little baby-seals are born!

What little weeny things! After *they* have come there isn't any more fighting. The parents settle down a bit, I expect, and begin to be ashamed of themselves, for the babies are not born blind like the land-lion babies. They can see what's going on, so the grown-ups have to mind their manners. The baby-seals are darlings. They are quite white, and they don't like the sea—not at first, but when their mothers have given them a good many meals of creamy milk they grow stronger and braver.

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Their white coats gradually change to gray, they begin to roam and paddle about, and perhaps wander into some one else's patch. It doesn't matter much, though, if they do; probably the mothers won't miss them. Seal-mothers are not very loving, and the little bleating babies get some hard knocks. A traveller, who saw some seal-pups being taught to swim, told that they were very severely treated indeed. Still, by the time September comes, and the island-camp is over for that year, the young seals are quite ready to take to sea with every one else. They can dive and swim gracefully by that time; they can crawl on land by the help of their hind limbs, and can comb their hair and whiskers with them too!

And now about the fur that these seals produce. It is much valued, as I expect you know, and the beast is hunted for it in different ways. Sometimes the Indians go on their track, and with the help of harpoons and arrows catch a seal or two for the sake of its fat and its fur. Sometimes the creatures are killed in large numbers out at sea, on their way to their island-camp. Sometimes the crews of seal-fishing boats land on the ice and kill seals with gaffs, taking the skins of a great number with the blubber still attached, and carrying them back to their boats. But the most important seal-hunting takes place on the islands where the seals are camping with their families. The hunters have to keep strict rules. No mother-seals may be killed, nor babies. Only a certain number may be slaughtered each year. On one particular island, off San Francisco, the seals are preserved entirely. All very wise, as you will see at once. No true sportsman would want the seal-family to die out for the sake of its fur. But if the mothers and babies may not be touched, where's the fur to come from? From the great scarred, roughened coats of the fighting Bluebeard fathers? It would be pretty poor stuff, would it not!

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No, there are other seals who don't fight. They are the growing-up seals, who've been babies, but who've never been fathers. They camp together in another part of the island. The hunters land (they try to manage it in foggy weather), they creep between the seals and the sea, and drive the whole herds inland to where slaughter-stations have been already fixed. Soon the mothers and babies and old fathers drop behind, and are allowed to fall out of the march, but the younger males with their fresh unscarred coats are driven inland, each step taking them farther and farther from the beautiful sea, in which they will never swim again.



THE WALRUS

“**A**-VUK! A-vuk!” barks the great bull Walrus in a voice like the “mooing of a cow and the deep baying of a mastiff,” as he sprawls on a floating island of ice, while two dozen or more of his Walrus friends lie around him; “how do the seals and sea-lions manage to exist at all, I wonder? They have no tusks, and look at *ours!* A-vuk! A-vuk!”

“A-vuk!” chorus his friends in roaring voices, for they agree with every word that he utters. They prod at each other with these same sharp tusks as they cry, though only in a friendly way, of course; then they probably fall asleep and dream for hours.

But the seals and sea-lions would have a word to say on the subject if *they* were within hearing—they might easily be many miles away, swimming in warmer seas than the Walrus cares to visit. But, “Tusks?” they would cry if they were near. “We don’t want them, and what would we do with them? We’ve lots of teeth, and sharply-pointed ones too; *they’ll* do all the work that we need, for they help us to catch the slippery fish and to hold him fast. Tusks! keep your tusks, you clumsy old sea-elephants! You need them, for you have hardly any teeth!”

And the seals would be right: the Walrus *does* need his great tusks badly. They grow from each side of his huge protruding muzzle, surrounded by a moustache, each bristle of which is as thick as a crow’s quill; without them he would get little to eat. For his chief food is the shell-fish that lies deep in the mud of the ocean bed, and with his tusks the Walrus digs deep for the prize. He is particularly fond of clams, but he

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will eat all kinds of shell-fish willingly enough, and sea-urchins, seaweed, small seals, and star-fish too. For he is a hungry beast, with an appetite to suit his big body, which is "as large as an ox, and as thick as a hogshead!"

And what about his teeth? Were the seals right in what they said about them? Yes, they were. The Baby Walrus



possesses more teeth than his parents do, but as he doesn't use them, they disappear, and when full grown you would only find, if you were to open the mouth of the Father Walrus and peep in, (which I don't advise!) ten cheek teeth with very flat crowns, by the help of which he grinds up the shells before he swallows the fishes inside them. He is a very careful eater; his bristly moustache is used as a sieve, and, after his ten teeth have crushed up a mouthful of shells, his huge tongue helps to sift

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them, so that only the soft part of the meal is swallowed. He is rather a crank, too, so far as his meals are concerned. If meatless days were to be enforced up in the Arctic regions, I do not think the Walrus would mind, for he is used to them already. In the autumn-time he and his friends always retire to some chosen island, and there they lie and doze quietly for days and weeks on end, never thinking of meals all that while.

It must be interesting to watch them land for that autumn rest. Now their tusks come into use again, for, by the help of these ivory crutches, each Walrus manages to clamber up to the rocky crag that he has chosen. He hates moving about on land, for the arrangement of his limbs makes it difficult. Like the sea-lion he can turn his hind flappers forward, and hobble along on dry land or shuffle along on ice if he *must*; but he doesn't always want to take the trouble, and the first Walrus to arrive on the island generally flops down close to the water and drops asleep instantly, without thinking of moving on a little so that his friends may find a resting-place too.

The friends look after themselves, however. The second arrival prods at the first one with his tusks till he has rolled over and moved on a little, then down flops the newcomer beside him, with his head comfortably settled on his friend's back, and falls asleep too. "But—I want a place, please!" barks the third arrival to the sleepers, and, as they take no notice, *he* prods them hard with his tusks till there's enough space for *him* to settle down. The fourth comer does likewise, and the fifth and the sixth, till after a while the whole Walrus herd is snoring happily on the top of each other—"just like a lot of pigs in a yard," as Captain Cook writes—the first comer being moved by this time pretty far inland!

But I must not leave you with the idea that Walruses will sleep through any danger; they know that they are clumsy chaps

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on land, and they have a very useful sentinel system of their own. One of the beasts is always prodding another,—they are *never* all asleep; the first prods the second, and then *he* sits up and stares round for a while, and then prods the third. This goes on all the time, and if danger does come near, some one is thus always ready to give warning to his friends, so that they may scramble and hobble towards the water and make off. It is different when the Walruses sleep in the sea, as they very often do “bolt upright!” Not one of them then bothers to stay awake, for they all know that at an instant’s notice they can dive below, and either remain under water in hiding or else swim off with the help of their clever paddle-shaped feet.

But who *are* the enemies of the Walrus?

He has very few: just the polar bears and man. The polar bear and the Walrus are sworn foes, and pretty equally matched, I should think; for I have read that, if they come to grips, a Walrus can generally throw the bear into the water and drown him; but that if, on the other hand, the wily bear manages to steal a march on the Walrus, he will often brain him by hurling a huge rock on his head from an overhanging crag!

The other enemy, man, is greatly to be feared, for the Walrus is hunted both on land and water, both with guns and harpoons. A thousand Walruses have been known to be killed in a single Walrus-hunting expedition for the sake of the ivory that their tusks afford, as well as the leather from their coarse, rough coats, their flesh meat, and the oil from their fat. Walrus-hunting by sea is fraught with a considerable amount of danger for the men engaged in it; though on land, if trapped, the great clumsy beasts are more or less at the mercy of the hunter. His aim is to fall upon the herd quietly without wakening them, then to transfix with lance thrusts those of the great creatures who lie nearest to the water, thus making a rampart

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of dead Walruses which their awkward brothers cannot scale. In this way sometimes the "whole herd falls into the hands of the hunters."

But in the water the Walrus is active enough. A herd of the beasts will try to defend a comrade who has been wounded by a harpoon or bullet; they have been known to press round the enemy in their dozens, upsetting the boat or piercing the planks with their fierce tusks. Round Spitzbergen, so I have read, the lives of several Walrus hunters are lost nearly every year; and in the olden days dreadful tales were told of the ferocity of the "monster of the deep," the "sea-cow," the "seahorse," or the "sea-elephant"—all these names in turn being used to describe the clumsy Walrus.

But Captain Cook writes that to *him* the beasts did not appear to be the dangerous animals that authors have described, not even when attacked. "Vast numbers would follow us and come close to the boats, but at the flash of a musket they would go down. . . . A female will defend her young to the last, and at the expense of her own life . . . nor will the young one quit the dam though she be dead," writes he; "so that if one be killed, the other is certain prey."

Other travellers, too, have mentioned the love of the Walrus mother for her child. The tusks of the young Walrus do not grow until its second year, and meanwhile the mother feeds her baby on milk, tending it very carefully and lovingly. Hayes, the sportsman, tells how on one occasion he saw a herd of Walrus upon an island, and, wishing to obtain a young specimen for his collection, he shot at and killed a baby-Walrus. The whole troop instantly disappeared into the water, but, in a short while, the mother of the victim came back to look for her child, and, discovering that it no longer moved nor answered to her cries, she dragged herself up in full view of the enemy to the crag

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where it lay, and moaning piteously the while, pushed it gently towards the water. In spite of shoutings and gun-shots, she succeeded in her mission, too, and then, "hiding the young one in her bosom, she plunged with it into the sea."

The explorer Peary tells, too, of the love of a bull Walrus for his mate, who had been killed by a lance thrust in a harpooning expedition. Although pierced with bullets, he threw himself on the boat, trying to destroy it with his tusks, and succeeded in tearing up several planks before finally he was driven off by the crew.

Nansen has a story to tell of an encounter with Walruses in which he himself took part. In the early dawn of a September morning the quarry was sighted lying on a floe not far away, and "harpoons being sharpened, guns and cartridges ready," Nansen himself set off with two of his crew. They "rowed to the north side of the floe to get to leeward of the animals," and managed so cleverly and cautiously that the Walrus sentry did not see them till the boat touched the floe and the first harpoon had flown.

Unfortunately the harpoon "struck too high and skipped over the backs of several of the animals." The great creatures were alive to the danger at once, and came shuffling, hobbling, and waddling to the edge of the ice where the boat lay. Nansen, nothing daunted, however, tried what bullets would do. Whizz! And one of the great creatures staggered and then fell head-foremost into the water. Whizz again, and the whole herd dashed pell-mell into the sea. But only to reappear again round the boat in an angry roaring troop. "The water foamed and boiled for yards round," writes Nansen; "any moment we might expect to have a Walrus tusk or two through the boat, or to be heaved up and capsized."

But in spite of all the roaring and raging, nothing worse

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came of it. Whizz! Whizz! Whizz! More victims were picked out by the bullets; meanwhile the harpoons came into play again, and soon two fine Walruses were secured. "There was no use in shooting any more," says Nansen, who well understood the ethics of sport, "for we had no means of carrying them;" so the booty was towed to an ice floe, the boat being accompanied part way by an angry bellowing mob of tusked monsters who, fortunately for Nansen and his crew, never once seemed to realize how very formidably they were equipped with weapons against the enemy!



THE HIPPOPOTAMUS

“ ‘Ypolame a wonder beest is;
More than an Olifant, I wis!’”

THAT’S the opinion of a long-ago writer, and although I don’t know if really there are more wonderful things to be found out about a Hippopotamus than about an elephant, I thought you might like to hear the little rhyme. ‘Anyhow, we all agree, I’m sure, that the first sight of a Hippo at the Zoo is rather a wonderful sight.

Why? Well, partly because he’s so unlike all the other beasts. He’s all alone in a family, you know—at least not *quite* all alone, for there’s a dwarf Hippo to be found away amongst the African swamps; but I’ve never met any one who’s seen him, and the big chap is the only kind of Hippopotamus that most of us are likely to come across. Just like a huge barrel on short legs, he looks of a dingy coppery color, and when I tell you that he’s called the “river-horse,” I expect you’ll think at first that *that* name’s just made up for a joke.

But it isn’t. Away at home in the African rivers the wild Hippo may quite well be called a river-horse: he can race along under the water on his short legs at a very great rate, and gambol and sport too. If he comes up to the surface every five minutes or so to spout like a whale and take in fresh air through his nostrils, that will be quite sufficient for him. At least that will be quite sufficient if the Hippo is bathing *alone*; but Mother Hippo is very careful of her baby when they bathe together, and *then* she comes up to the top of the water every minute or so to give her child a “breath of fresh air.” He is seated on her back, as safe as can be, enjoying himself just as much as mother does, and in just the same way, squeaking like

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a pig every time she bellows, and copying everything she does. As soon as he is a few hours old the baby Hippopotamus is able to follow his mother, and she feeds him with milk and looks after him well, and is just as good natured a nurse as any baby could wish for.



Hippopotami are good-natured beasts in every way, and don't want to fight anybody unless they are attacked. They have no enemies except man, and they would leave him alone willingly if he didn't force a fight upon them; but he must. The Hippopotamus for all his good temper is a bothersome chap, who muddles about, getting his own meals and spoiling other people's crops. He eats nothing but vegetable food, and if he would stick to the water-plants, of which there are so many in his rivers, all would be well. But no!—he likes a change of diet sometimes, and it is no uncommon thing for a

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herd of the beasts to trample down whole fields of grain in a night with their tremendous four-toed feet. Imagine a herd of thirty Hippo, each weighing, say, between two and three tons, enjoying themselves in a sugar-cane plantation, and *then* imagine the grief and rage of its owners in the morning. They simply *must* be caught.

They are trapped by natives in a good many ways. Sometimes great deep pitfalls are dug, covered with branches, and then left for the Hippo to fall into; sometimes the beasts are driven by natives into pools where no water-weeds grow, and there they are kept till they are half starved, when they fall an easy prey. Sometimes they are hunted in something the same way as whales are: the natives take canoes down the river, fling poisoned harpoons at the great beasts, and finish them off with lances. There is great danger connected with this kind of Hippo hunting. I said that the beasts were good-natured if they were let alone, but they are *furious* when they are hurt or hunted. With their huge sharp teeth they can crush up boats quite easily, or on their barrel backs they can toss them sky high. Men are sometimes trampled under the angry beasts' feet, or crushed to death by their fangs; and a mother Hippo who has been robbed of her child is said to be a terrible enemy, who does not forget her grudge for a long time.

The Hippopotamus can be tamed. In the days of long ago they were often exhibited in Rome, and queer tales were believed of them—about the supposed power of the great beasts to vomit fire, and their wisdom in doctoring themselves by cutting their own limbs against sharp rocks to “let blood,” and then plastering themselves up again with mud. The first Hippo to come to Europe in more recent times arrived in 1850, and since then there have been many in the Zoos. There is rather an amusing Zoo story that I might tell you.

THE HIPPOPOTAMUS

Early one morning a Hippopotamus named Obash escaped from his cage; he pushed back the doors and got out, to the terrified amazement of the keepers, who met him ambling down the path. What was to be done? Every one was on the alert, for the face of Obash was twisted into a furious grimace that meant mischief, and his fangs were bared as though for battle. His keeper tried to coax him back with hay, but that plan fell flat. Obash passed on, intending to make a day of it. And then the Curator suddenly had a brain-wave. He called to one of the keepers, towards whom Obash had a violent hatred: "I say, make him run for *you!*" he said; "it's the only way! Stand by the door of his cage and he'll follow you in; then slip through its *other* entrance, and lock it after you. Are you game?"

The keeper was: he went to the cage door. "Obash!" he bellowed, and the beast made a rush for him. As it entered its cage the gate was snapped after it by the Curator, just as the second gate was shut fast after the disappearing keeper! Obash was safe.



WHALES

WHAT tremendous adventures whale fishers have been through, and what hairbreadth escapes many of them have had! Perils from gales, from mists, from floating icebergs, and from wild island tribes, as well as from the great sea-monster itself!

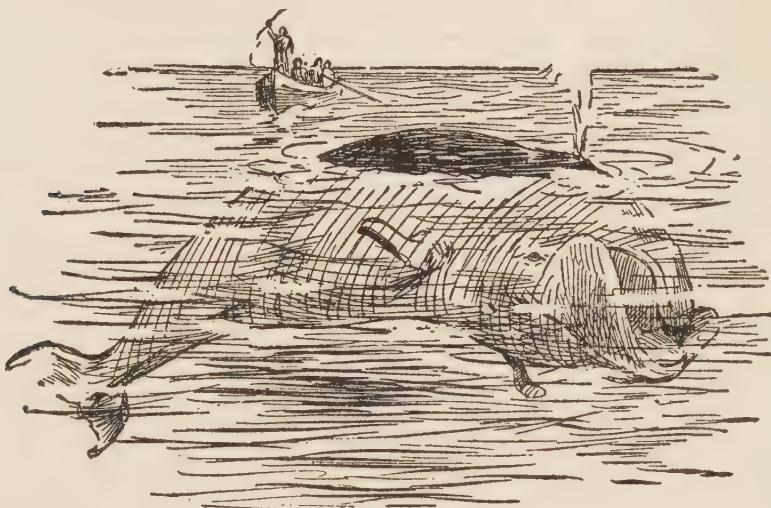
There used, in the olden days, to be a great deal of whale fishing in the southern waters; but as whales became scarcer, the fishery was carried to other parts of the world. Now the great monsters are met with chiefly in the arctic seas of the very far north, where the valuable Greenland Whale has its home. There it swims about in the icy cold waters, using its great tail as it goes; all the while taking deep draughts of ocean water into its huge mouth—a strange mouth as well as a huge one, by the way, since it is lined with plates of a horny kind of substance instead of teeth.

Some whales have teeth, though. There are really two kinds of Whale—"Whaleboned Whales" and "Toothed Whales," though the Whaleboned Whales are the more prized; for besides their blubber-fat, which is such a valuable part of the great creature, their whalebone is worth a very great deal to the fishers who are fortunate enough to bring home a prize.

This whalebone is very useful to the Greenland Whale himself, too; indeed, he could not live without it. Born without teeth, as he is, something is needed to help to deal with the food that he takes in, and the flat horny plates that hang down inside his mouth are just the thing. Through them the great mouthfuls of water that the monster is always taking into his huge jaws are strained, and any tiny ocean creatures are

WHALES

allowed through to be swallowed, while the water which has brought them is passed back to the ocean again. It seems very strange to think of such an immense creature feeding on such tiny ocean mites; but, of course, so many gallons of water must be strained by the whalebone plates every minute, that "mony a mickle" no doubt "makes a muckle," and the Whale gets plenty of food in the end. Indeed, there is so much fat or blubber on



the body of every Whale, that we can take it for granted that they are not starved.

This blubber is a very important part of the "catch." Blubber as well as whalebone is a treasure which the whale fisher is out to seek; for while hunting in the jungle is often carried out for love of sport alone, it is just as well to remember that whale fishing is undertaken by men as a means of livelihood, and that it means a great deal to their wives and children at home whether the whaling excursions are successful or not.

But all the same, I am certain that not a single whale-fishing company ever sets out to sea without tremendous excite-

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ment and eagerness on the part of every single one of the crew. There is an old whaling motto, "Dead Whale or Stove Boat," and every man on board means to see the matter successfully through.

Whale-fishing expeditions of these times are planned rather differently from the way they used to be not so very long ago. Nowadays there are steam whalers, which set out alone, with no need for the line of little open boats that used to accompany the ship, for this new whaler can discharge her own harpoons from a platform on her bows. The harpoon, too, of to-day is often loaded with explosives, and an American inventor has discovered a means of discharging into the body of the Whale, from a double-barrelled gun, both a harpoon and an explosive shell at one and the same time. But before these days of harpoon-guns, bomb-guns, bomb-lances, and other different new inventions, there were, perhaps, even more exciting adventures to be met with—more chances for luck and pluck than the whalers meet with to-day in the far seas; so I will give you an account of a whaling expedition as it might have been carried out some forty or fifty years ago.

The whole company consisted, very likely, of about thirty-five sailors, the "whaler"—a specially strongly made ship of perhaps four hundred tons or so—and four or more light five-oared boats. The last point at which they touched to get supplies of food and water would very likely be on the island of Shetlands; then they would make their way off, ever farther north. Generally about the beginning of April they touched land for the last time, and by the time the polar seas were reached it would very likely be about the end of that month; then they were really in the haunts of the Whales. Every one was keenly alive to the fact, you may be sure, and each one of the crew kept a careful lookout.

WHALES

Most careful of all, perhaps, was the officer whose position was up in the "crow's nest." This was a kind of watch-house always rigged up on the maintop-mast of every whaler, and here some one was always posted to be on the lookout for the first signs of a Whale. But the captain did not wait until the signal was given before everything was in readiness; all was taut and to hand long before it was needed—harpoons, lances, tremendous lengths of rope very carefully coiled. Even the crew themselves slept with one ear open at night until the signal came, and should the word be given at midnight, it was not an instant before every single man Jack of them was swarming up on deck.

Then, at the order of the captain, the adventure began; each of the small baots was put off to the scene. If it was night time, the men were probably not dressed before they started, but were waiting, even in the freezing atmosphere of the polar seas to put on their garments in the boats as they went. Each boat had its own harpooner and its sub-officers; each had its own coils of rope—such long coils as can be spliced together to run to a length of perhaps four thousand feet—then, at the end of the rope there was, of course, the harpoon.

The aim of each boat was to get as close as possible to the Whale, and to harpoon it before it dived again into the water. At great speed the boats went, for the monster probably did not mean to stay very long above water, and it might be hours before he was seen again. Off went the boats; if possible, one of them drew up quite close to the victim, and the sharp harpoon was plunged into his back. There might not be time to reach him, however, before he dived, and in such a case the harpoon was thrown by a swift hand. It was pretty sure to find a billet somewhere, for the Whale was a fairly large target.

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But it was after the harpoon had entered the body of the monster that the biggest danger began. The Whale, feeling the pain of the wound, turned to get away, and it was a ticklish moment for the boat and the men. They might find themselves in the water, turned over suddenly by a twist of his tail; they might find themselves tossed like feathers into the air, with the chance of finding *terra firma* on his broad back; or it might be that the victim would dive to the bottom of the sea with a rush, and then, if the line to which the harpoon was joined was long enough, all would be so far well, for the men, keeping the line clear, would let it run with him.



WHALES

But sometimes the rope in one boat was not long enough, and a system of signalling was used between the company when this was the case. *One* oar held up meant, "Another coil is needed—sharp!" *Two* oars held up indicated that two coils of rope were needed, and so on. The waiting boats were all on the lookout for these signals; and they hurried to the spot with as much speed as they could, for they all knew that should the rope run short before it could be spliced on to another length, there would be only one thing to do to save the boat and crew—to cut the line, and let the Whale escape with the harpoon. Naturally no sportsman worth his salt would feel anything but disgust at such an ending to his day.

But even if everything went well—if the line held out, and the Whale dived without working too much mischief with its powerful tail—there were yet plenty of dangers ahead. Sometimes it would stay under water for about an hour; but that it *would* come up again the crew of each boat knew, and they all lay near until the exciting moment arrived. Then, at the appearance of his great black back, every boat made a dash for it; every harpooner plunged his weapon into the huge creature's body, just as soon as he was near enough, and after the harpoons had done their work the sharp lances helped to finish off the job. A dreadful "spouting" from the wounded Whale began. Then the dying creature threw up a crimson stream, jerking its tail and wildly plunging and struggling meanwhile as it died. The noise of its struggles could be heard miles away; the sea was worked into foam by the lashings of its tail. And now was the time for every boat to keep as clear as it could, for accidents often happened at such a moment; and by the time the Whale was really dead, every one of the crew was probably drenched with the blood of the huge victim—the waves being colored, too, and each boat stained red.

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What was to be done next? The work was not over by any means, though the men must have been pretty well worn out with the excitement of their adventure, and with the strain of the perils they had been through. Yet the great Whale had still to be towed by the boats to the side of the whaler, where the "flensing" had to take place.

The flensing was a most important part of the work, for the "flensers" had to remove the valuable blubber and whalebone from the prize; and when the monster had been made fast to the ship's side, they put on spiked boots, and climbed down on to its body to cut it up. The spiked boots were really necessary, for the body of the Whale is dreadfully slippery, and here again accidents might happen. However, the flensers knew their job, and were soon merrily at work, cutting off the strips of whalebone and the lengths of blubber, attaching them to tackle that hung down over the ship's side, and shouting signals when the loads were ready to be hauled up by the crew on the ship above. When once up on the ship's side the blubber was cut up small, boiled in huge pots and strained; while, as for the whalebone, that needed no more preparation than a twelve hours' soaking in boiling water, when it was quite soft and ready to be used.

So much for the adventures that pretty nearly always happened on a whaling expedition; but some very special and terrible experiences have happened from time to time to different whaling companies that have set out to try their fortunes in the arctic seas. A strange story is told by old whalers, which may or may not be true, but which, at any rate, is quite thrilling enough to repeat. In 1775 the captain of a whaling vessel was becalmed in the polar seas. He sighted a strange ship that looked ghastly and deserted, and feeling astonished at its appearance, sent out some of his boats. The crews boarded

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her to see what they could find, and at first the whole ship seemed desolate; but at last they made their way into one of the cabins, and there, to their horror, they found the skeleton of a man seated at a table, a ship log-book in his hand and a finished entry before him. "Nov. 14, 1762," he had written. "We have been in the ice for seventeen days. Fire out yesterday, and our master has been trying to kindle it, but without success. His wife died yesterday. There is no relief." *And the entry had been made thirteen years before!* There was no trace of any food on the ship, but the remains of skeletons were found down below.

Another story, which is rather more cheery, is told of a whaling vessel that met with rather an amusing adventure off the Pelew Islands. Its boats were off scouting after Whales, and most of its crew were taking an idle afternoon, when suddenly, without warning, a tribe of wild islanders burst upon them from the shore. For a little while, on account of the suddenness of the visitation, the crew lost their heads, and fled up the rigging, where, if it had not been for the quick-wittedness of one of the officers, they might have remained, leaving the natives to work havoc below. This officer, however, instantly gave an order to the crew to come down and open the armor chest, fill their hands and pockets with tin-tacks, and then go up to the rigging again, and throw the tacks down on the intruders.

A shower of tacks followed his command, which not only irritated the invaders' heads and shoulders, of course, as they rained down, but also formed a sharp, piercing carpet for their feet as they scampered about the deck trying to shoot the unarmed crew with their arrows; and, terrified at this uncanny sort of weapon, that seemed to them to come from the skies, the natives climbed down the side of the ship as quickly as they had come, and swam ashore!

GORILLAS

DEEP, deep in the dark forests of Central Africa live the biggest monkeys of all—the man-like Apes; and if only we had the gift of magic sight, we could turn our eyes in that direction, and see them as they are at this very minute, enjoying themselves in their own strange way, and living their lives so differently from the way that we live ours. It would be particularly interesting to see them, too; in a way more interesting, I think, than to watch any other wild beast in all the world.

The first traveller who ever laid eyes on a Gorilla, did not meet the great creature in a forest at all.

Hanno, a Carthaginian of long ago, who two thousand years ago kept a journal of the adventures through which he passed, wrote of “an island full of wild men. But much the greater part of them were women with hairy bodies, whom the interpreters called ‘Gorillas.’ . . . We were not able to take the men; they all escaped, being able to climb the precipices, and defended themselves with pieces of rock. . . . But three females, who bit and scratched those who led them, were not willing to follow.” It is quite possible (though, of course, not certain) that these “wild men” were Gorillas.

It was a very long time indeed after that, though, before people believed that such animals really existed. Then in the year 1846 a missionary discovered the skull of a huge ape and sent it home, and that was the beginning of the discoveries; then, later on, the whole skeleton of such a beast arrived in Britain, and after that a Gorilla skin was sent over. There must have been tremendous excitement at the discovery that

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there really were such monsters as man-like monkeys in the world.

And all the time, I suppose, the Gorillas were living their own life just as they do now. They did not care about being "discovered"—it meant nothing to them; all *they* wanted was to be left in peace to take a good meal of nuts or grain or fruit, or eggs or young birds, as they felt inclined. It was no matter to *them* that they had hands like a man's, small ears like his, the same number of teeth, and bones very much like ours. The only reason *they* felt any kind of satisfaction at being able to walk upright like a man, was that that power helped them sometimes to get along through the forest more easily than the other wild beasts. "Terrible, am I!" the great monster might have said. "King of the Forest, did they call me? Well, I certainly go for my enemies, but I don't do that unless they attack me first. What else would they have me do?"

Yes, really, in his family life the Gorilla is affectionate and kind. He may be a dreadfully fierce enemy for the hunter to tackle; and he must, of course, be a very strong one, for he naturally puts out all his strength against his foe as soon as he is confronted by any kind of danger. He knows how to deal with the leopard who tries to climb up to the branches where his mate and her baby ape lie asleep: with his huge tusks he bites the intruder's feet. He knows so well how to attack the lion, too, that the instant that noble hunter hears the dreary, roaring sound of the Gorilla's voice, he thinks it better to lurk elsewhere; and if natives or hunters come after him, the Gorilla turns and flies at them too, but not till he is attacked. If he is not, well he lets well alone. "I don't want to fight, but, by jingo, if I do!" might be his family motto, and it is an ill day for any hunter whose first shot fails in an encounter with a Gorilla. If that first shot enters the wild beast's heart, he will

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die as quickly as a man; but if he does *not*, the sport is up for the hunter.

A Gorilla has been known to seize the gun from a sportsman's hand, bite and bend the barrel out of shape with his tusked teeth, and then to bite off the sportsman's hand before killing him. He can easily crack a human skull with his great hand, for his strength is prodigious; and well it might be, for his size is prodigious too: sometimes one of these huge beasts stands six feet in height; two men could stand abreast behind his huge shoulders and not be seen. It is through these huge shoulders, by the way, that the native hunter tries to throw his javelin when he attacks the monster who steals his crops and works such havoc in his plantations to satisfy his tremendous appetite.

And yet this hated and feared creature is as sweet and good to his mate and to his child as ever any tame animal could be. The Gorillas move about in family groups, looking for the best places in which to feed together. They wander perhaps a little each other by day, but always keep within earshot of each other's call. At night-time the female and the baby sleep under a cover made of branches, and arranged like a kind of hut up in the trees to protect them from the weather, while the father sits below under the tree to guard them from possible danger. A bed he often makes for himself, too, by dragging down a quantity of canes or branches, and heaping them together till they look like a trampled-down mass; then he sits there all night, sleeping with his back resting against his "family tree," but sleeping so lightly, by the way, that should even a falling leaf touch him he will wake instantly and prepare to protect his mate in case of need.

Generally the Gorilla goes on all fours, but should he see the approach of any kind of danger he rears himself up and goes

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to meet the peril, beating his great chest with resounding blows like huge drum taps, while his family tries to hurry into hiding. Then when his mate and the baby are safe, he is ready to fight if



need be; and his tusks, his strong, cruel-looking hands, and his huge arms are powerful weapons indeed, though the beast will use other weapons, too, in times of need—stones, bits of rock, or huge branches of trees, which are snapped off the trees like play and used as clubs.

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Natives have the queerest tales to tell about Gorillas, some of which are, of course, quite untrue. The man-like monsters are supposed by them to hide up amongst the branches of trees, and there to lie in wait, stretching out huge, powerful arms in order to grasp any passing animal or man, and dragging their victims up to destruction. Gorillas were also believed at one time to kidnap women and children and make slaves of them, ill-treating them cruelly; but these native tales have to be taken with a great many grains of salt.

One of the stories, however, is worth telling because it is so amusing, and, of course, it *may* be true! A certain very fierce and dreadful African tribe is said long ago to have had as its executioner a Gorilla. To this dread beast they offered any one who might offend them—their own malefactors, or prisoners of war from enemy tribes: the beast was said to have accounted for thousands of victims, and then at last a white man fell into the hands of the tribe.

He was told what his fate would be, and he was presented with a native club to protect himself if he could; then his enemies prepared to enjoy the horrid sight of a Gorilla demolishing a white man! Not at all, for the prisoner was quick-witted. Quite suddenly, as the Gorilla reared himself to come to the attack, he noticed that there was a huge swelling just below the executioner's ribs. "That's his weak point, I'll go for it; it's my last chance," thought he, and whack, whack he went with his club. To his infinite wonder, relief, and amazement, the great creature rolled over stark dead at the blow.

Now for a really true Gorilla tale! The climate of the district where the great wild beasts live is so terribly fever-stricken that it is not chosen for sport by many white men. As I said, there has been little Gorilla hunting as yet, so, naturally, there can't be many stories; but there has been one magnifi-

GORILLAS

cently brave traveller, du Chaillu by name, who has left us most interesting and thrilling accounts of his adventures in Central Africa. The story of one of his encounters with the great king of the African forests will be as interesting a tale as one could read. Together with a band of natives he set out on a Gorilla hunt. The first thing was to trace the quarry by its spoor, but tracks were not easily found. For two days the hunters searched and searched, and only succeeded in shooting at a female Gorilla, who escaped into the thickness of the forest.

It is as well to try really to imagine for a minute how terribly dense and thick an African forest must be, with huge trees and grasses and bushes so matted together by generations of wild growth that the whole seems to be one vast giant tangle. The forests out there must be as unlike our woods as can be. Even the wild things who know every inch of the country are sometimes unable to make their way, and hunters are often hard put to it to follow their prey. Away, then, amongst the thickness of the undergrowth the female Gorilla disappeared; and though for a time the hunters tracked her by the drops of blood that had trickled from her shot-wound, yet at last they were obliged to give up the search. Then for many hours they had no sign of life at all, except for the sounds of occasionally screeching parrots from the tree tops, or of chattering monkeys from the boughs.

And then, "Cluck!" went one of the natives. It was a faint sound; but du Chaillu was on the alert at once, for that is the native sound of warning. It is a queer noise, made by means of the tongue and the roof of the mouth, and it never seems to alarm wild beasts. "Cluck!" went the hunter once more.

Then came more "sign," for a far-off noise began, like a rending up of trees. It was a Gorilla, not so very much out of the track, who was engaged in dragging down huge branches

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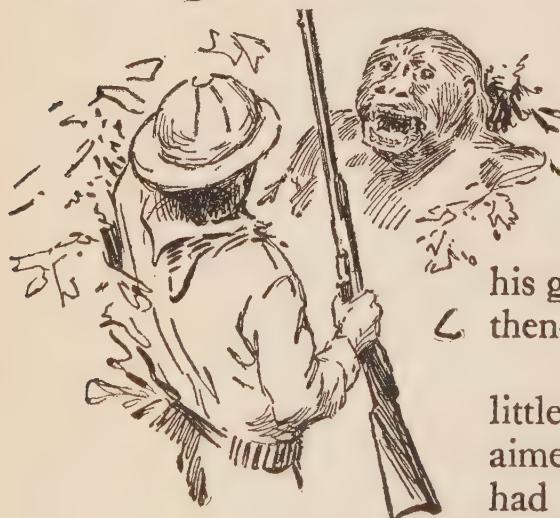
and boughs, and stripping them of their leaves so that he might provide himself with a dinner.

Every one looked to his gun, for here was a tremendous moment; now or never was the chance, and on no account must one of them be unprepared. Slowly, stealthily, and in tremendous spirits they all pushed their way through the bushes, breathless for the minute when they should meet the prey.

Suddenly, while they were still moving, a sound began—a roaring so tremendous that every one knew well what it must be, and realized that now they were right on the spot. Du Chaillu, then, was hardly surprised when, pulling asunder the next clump of undergrowth, he suddenly came face to face with a huge Gorilla.

Such a creature! huge, grinning horribly, glaring with great gray eyes, and just like a nightmare to look at. With his huge tusks, his great, strong, long arms, his big six-foot body, and his hideous face, he might have terrified the bravest of men; but du Chaillu seemed proof against any kind of terror.

Nor was the Gorilla afraid of him or of the natives. He stood his ground and beat his chest like a dinner-gong, and stared. He made no attempt to run away; indeed, he took a step or two forward, roaring most terribly as he came. Then he took another step or two, while his eyes flashed and his great fierce fangs stood out; and then—



Cr-rack! went the white man's little "fire-stick." Du Chaillu had aimed at the great beast's heart, and had hit his mark.

MONKEYS

“CREATURES of the Sun.” That is the best name I have heard for the merry little monkeys of the New World and the Old. I have heard other names, too. Some people call them “thieves” and “rascals;” others call them “empty-headed chatterers.” But “Creatures of the Sun” seems the best name of all; for even those of us who have only seen monkeys in the Zoo, and who have never watched the little creatures in their true home life at all, can understand that this name is a true one.

For how cold and unhappy the poor little beasts sometimes look on the warmest days in our cool climate. There is plenty of artificial heat, no doubt, pervading the monkey houses of every Zoo, but “Oh for the bright shining heat of the hot sun!” their sad eyes seem to say sometimes, as they hug each other to keep warm. Pathetic, too, is the organ-grinder’s monkey in his little red coat, which the children think he wears for smartness, I suppose, until they realize how cold he’d be without it even on the warmest days. Yes, certainly, the monkeys are happier in a warmer land than ours.

A great many of them live in South America. There are huge forests in that country of great giant trees—trees so tall that they would seem unbelievable to us; whose branches have twisted and twined together, and whose roots stick out of the ground like giant limbs; which are so entwined with great creepers, and so matted with undergrowth all about, that it would be difficult indeed to find one’s way. These forests are the home of the South American monkeys—the monkeys of the New World. There in the tall, giant trees are the homes that

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the Zoo monkeys dream of at nights, sometimes, when the cages are dark and the visitors have gone away, and they are huddled up fast asleep inside. That is the kind of home that the organ-grinder's monkey dreams of, too, when he has fallen asleep, warmed through at last under his master's coat—a land of excitement and chattering, and of adventures and fun; of fruit, and many delicious insects; and of hot, hot sun. That is their old home as the monkeys remember it.

What kind of home had he there?

Well, he didn't live anywhere, so to speak, for he lived everywhere. Up and down the forest, round and round, and through and through the monkeys went, looking for the sweetest fruit to eat, searching for the most delicious insects; one day towards the plantain fields, perhaps, another day to sample the custard apples—perhaps to the mangoes afterwards: all together in a lively troop, quarrelling, chattering, and hurrying from branch to branch; just thinking of to-day, and not caring for to-morrow, and as merry and as jolly as could be.

But there had to be some member, at least, of the monkey troop who took thought for the rest; and there always was the leader, or the one who made the rules. He was sometimes a cross, tyrannical old chap, who didn't want, perhaps, to stand quite so much nonsense as he *had* to stand from his unruly friends. As soon as the sun was well up—for monkeys don't stir until the world is thoroughly well warmed for them—he would get his army into some kind of working order. Suppose they were ordered off to the plantain fields: well, watch them start.

I expect it would make you simply roar with laughter. Hanging on by their tails, twisting round and making cart wheels with the help of their legs and arms, making faces at each other as they pass, stopping for a minute to whack the

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face of some one who is looking rather too pleased with himself—for all the world like a class of most atrociously mischievous little chaps who won't keep order in school, and have even quite forgotten that they ought to—off they go, for, after all, the whole of life seems a game to the monkeys.

See them come to a difficulty, though, for there *are* difficulties even for monkeys. Sometimes a huge river runs through the great forests, and on their way to the plantain fields they may have to cross it. Until this minute they have got ahead splendidly; hanging from tree to tree, they have journeyed very likely for miles without once touching the ground. How are they to cross this river, though? for monkeys can't swim; they'd be drowned.

"Dear me!" they chatter; "What are we to do?" And they'd go on saying that, I expect, and doing nothing, if it wasn't for the leader; but he's got a plan in his head, and he gives his orders. If they're to get to the plantain fields, they have to do as he says.

So they do! They make a chain of themselves—a chain of which every monkey is a link. The first one holds on to a tree with his hands and legs and tail; then another monkey grasps the first, a third grasps the second, and so on, till there's a chain long enough to stretch right across the river. *Then* (and I never can think how they do it) the whole chain swings itself across the river, and the last monkey fastens himself to a tree on the opposite side. The rest of the troop race across this bridge made of their brothers, and when they are all across, the bridge swings itself after them. Off they start again after that, hurrying towards the plantain fields.

Have monkeys any enemies? Oh yes, lots of them, but that doesn't seem to make them unhappy. They've done the best for themselves by learning to live up high in the trees, away

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from the wild beasts below, and they're not caught unless they come down to the ground. There are the natives, too, of course, who enjoy monkey meat (and who say, by the way, that monkeys catch fish with their tails; but I *don't* think that's true), and they are enemies as well; but they find the little creatures

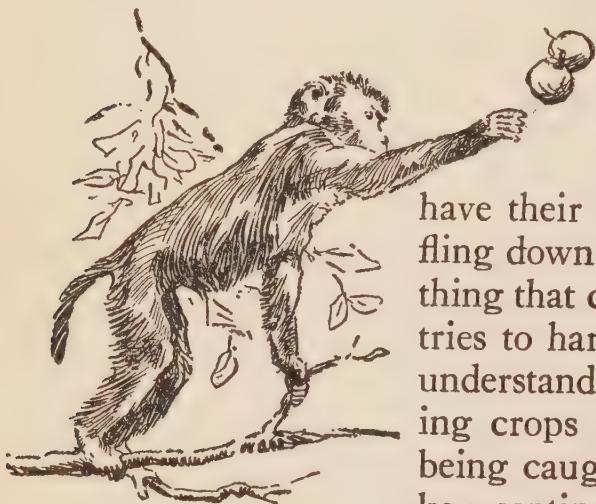
very difficult to aim at with their arrows, because they're so quick in their movements one never knows exactly where to shoot. Monkeys

have their own weapons, too, and will fling down cocoanuts, or sticks, or anything that comes handy, at any one who tries to harm them. And they seem to understand that when they are plundering crops they run a good chance of being caught, for there are often monkey sentinels stationed ready to warn

the rest, who are nipping off tender shoots or trying nice juicy fruits. And when the word of warning comes, away hurries the troop, chattering and joking all the way, and quite enjoying the fun of it, all the same, but determined to retire in good order.

The monkeys of India are terrible thieves, yet no one would dare to kill one: they are under State control, for they are "sacred animals." I don't think any one is quite sure *why* (though I believe an old legend tells how the island of Ceylon was once conquered by a god in the shape of a monkey); and I'm pretty sure that many of the natives wish they *weren't* sacred.

For the Sacred Monkeys are a perfect nuisance. They have been given groves and glades all to themselves, laid out for them beautifully, and where they are provided with food and drink. But do you think they stay there? Indeed, they don't. They



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are quite clever enough to enjoy being "sacred," for they know that no one will harm them whatever they do. And they hang to the roofs of the houses in some of the towns, just as though they were trees; crowd in the streets, steal from the bazaars, and snatch food from passers-by. There is a story of a grand christening cake that was ordered from the native baker; sugary and delicious it was, and when it was finished the dainty was locked up in the back of the shop to keep it safe. But the monkeys found out that cake, and they squeezed themselves in through a tiny opening in the window, one at a time, made a chain of themselves, and passed out the cake in chunks to their friends. When at last the baker, feeling very proud, brought his customers in to see the cake they had ordered, there was the last sugary piece being handed out of the window by the last monkey.

Another story tells of a town whose monkeys had become such a nuisance that the inhabitants decided they *must* be got rid of. To kill them or to hurt or offend them in any way was unlucky, of course; so the worthy natives devised a tactful plan. They hired comfortable carriages, and drove the monkeys out into the country for many miles; then the doors were opened, and they were given their freedom. But do you think they wanted it? Not they. They jumped out and ran about a little just to stretch their legs, but as soon as the empty carriages had started again, back came the monkeys, and they settled themselves inside again very cheerfully, and came back to the town, having much enjoyed the outing.



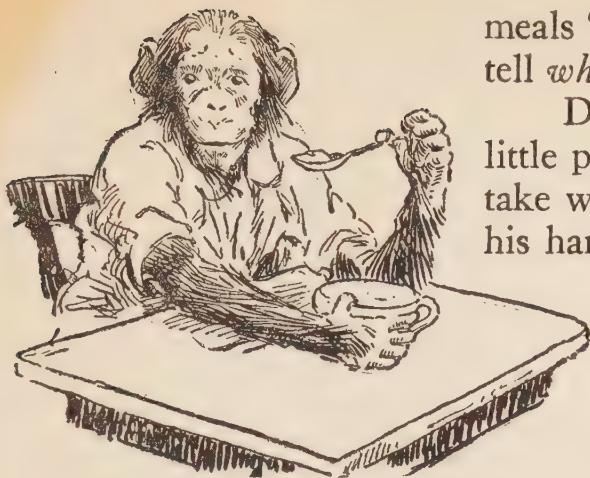
LARGE MONKEYS

THREE is a whole chapter in this book about Gorillas, so it seems only fair to write a little about the three other kinds of man-like monkeys — Chimpanzees, Orang-outangs, and Gibbons, as well as the other great apes, too.

The Chimpanzees live very much the same kind of life as the Gorillas do; their home, too, is in the huge African forests, but they wander over a larger stretch of country than their great Ape cousins. They make hut-like homes of leaves and branches for themselves up in the trees, and live there most of the time, eating fruits, and grass, and wild birds' eggs. They are not quite so large as the Gorillas, and will never fight with man if they can help it; though, if there be no way of escape, they will then use their weapons fiercely enough. Natives catch them in nets, and aim at them with their poisoned arrows, for the flesh of these monkeys is supposed to be very good eating; their skulls, too, are magic—so say the native hunters—and must be kept carefully, as they bring good luck.

But Chimpanzees are particularly interesting, perhaps, because they are so intelligent. If they are tamed early they can be trained to do all kinds of things. Young Chimpanzees have often been trapped by the natives and then sent over to European Zoos. They have grown tame and happy in their new surroundings, and have become as fond of their masters as their masters have become of them. There was one dear, tame Chimpanzee in the London Zoo. She was called Sally, and she had many friends. She could count up to six (sometimes to ten); was at home in a civilized frock and pinafore; could eat her,

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meals "like a little lady," and could tell *white* from any other color.

Dr. Livingstone, too, had a little pet Chimpanzee, who used to take walks with "Master," holding his hand, and who would cry very unhappily at home in a corner if he was not allowed to go.

Orang-outangs are perfectly hideous. This huge monkey has been called the

"Wild Man of the Woods;" and it is just like a horribly ugly, reddish-brown old man. It is only to be found in the islands of Borneo and Sumatra; and there it lives right up on the tree tops, in a nest which it has made for itself with boughs and branches. If it feels the cold it covers itself with leaves, but it hardly ever comes down from its perch, for it is very awkward in its movements on the ground.

So the natives, when they come out to hunt it, have rather a clever way of setting to work. First, they discover the whereabouts of the nest, and although they can't see the Orang-outang himself just yet, on account of the thickness of the boughs that surround him, they shoot several arrows at his nest and wait. The Orang-outang, feeling annoyed, looks out. "How dare they?" thinks he. "I'll soon let them see that two can play at that game." And for every arrow that he gets from below, he throws down a branch of his nest, or else breaks off a bough from his tree. Soon he is very easy to see, of course, because he has thrown down all the branches that hid him from his enemies, and then he makes an easy enough target for the natives' arrows.

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Orang-outangs have been tamed quite often; but they are much less clever than Chimpanzees, though they become quite affectionate and loving to their masters. Some sailors on board ship who had tamed a pet Orang-outang, amused themselves from time to time in teasing it too. On one occasion, however, they went just a little too far, and the poor thing, suddenly, with a howl of misery, appeared to throw itself overboard in its grief. Instantly the sailors were heart-broken. With a cry of "Man overboard!" they prepared to put out to sea after their poor little pet, blaming themselves, meanwhile, for their unkindness to a poor dumb creature; and then, quite suddenly as the boat was being lowered, what did they see? Just the Orang-outang, squinting at them from behind the chains of the deck. Its suicide had been all a pretence, just to serve the sailors out for the way they'd been treating it.

Gibbons are the smallest of the man-like monkeys. There are few stories about them, though they are very gentle, and easily trained. Many people have made pets of them.

In their own homes, though, they are happy, of course; and it must be very interesting to watch them away up on their tree tops. For they have such extremely long arms that they can swing themselves along overhead in the forest at a most tremendous rate, sometimes clearing a distance of forty feet at a time. But as their arms are so long, they find life on the ground very difficult indeed. Even when they are standing upright, their fingers reach their toes, and their feet are so turned-in that really it is quite a problem to them how to get along. So the traveller sees little enough of these particular man-like monkeys. He hears them, though, for Gibbons are noted for their howling voices, and anybody who has slept anywhere in the direction of a Gibbon's home has reason to remember the frightful noise he makes in the early mornings, as soon as it is light.

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So much for the man-like monkeys. But there are also other large monkeys to be found. Perhaps the Baboons are the most interesting of these. Their name really means that they are sacred to an Egyptian god of long ago called Babon.



So here is another kind of sacred monkey for you, as well as the naughty little scamps of India.

But I can't speak very highly, I fear, of the manners of *these* sacred monkeys, either, for they come down in great companies to the plantations and farms to steal corn and fruit, and even to kill young lambs, and are so clever about their thefts, too—arranging plans of attack and retreat, and carrying off all

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kinds of plunder. So it is just as well perhaps that the African natives have quite forgotten that they are sacred, and can, therefore, mete out punishment to them as often as they like, without being punished themselves.

Baboons are really very clever, as you may have guessed by the way they arrange their robbing escapades, and they could be taught to be of real use to man if they were not so dreadfully bad tempered, but they can never be relied upon at all. They are not so sweet natured as the Chimpanzees and Orang-outangs are with their masters; and as they grow older, instead of getting wiser and nicer, the Baboons become more and more bad tempered. Children in South Africa are generally reminded to keep out of the way of a Baboon, as it might quite possibly attack a small child; indeed, Baboons have been known even to attack defenceless women in lonely places, if they happened to be feeling angry when the traveller came their way.

There is one story about a Baboon, though, that is rather nice. A signalman at Cape Colony had lost both his legs in a railway accident, and it seemed as though his days of work were certainly over. But he was a thoughtful man, and he decided on a plan that would still keep him employed at his old job. He trained a Baboon to pull him along the lines on a trolley to his signals. He could work them from his place on the little cart, and when he was finished with one signal the Baboon took him on to the next. Indeed, so clever did this creature become that it used to work the signals itself, under the direction of its master.

Barbary Apes are the last monkeys that I am going to tell you about, and they really deserve a place in this book, because they are the very last of the native monkeys of Europe. Of course there used to be monkeys in great numbers roaming through the ancient forests of long ago; but there is no trace

LARGE MONKEYS

of these any longer except in the fossils that have been found at different times and in various places. At one point in Europe, however, on the Rock of Gibraltar, the Barbary Apes are still found.

It is rather wonderful that there *are* any, for not so very many years ago their number was reduced to four. But more Apes were brought over from the north coast of Africa to mate with them; some new families were born, and now there are plenty of Apes on Gibraltar Rock—too many, so the soldiers have been heard to say, for the Barbary Apes are sometimes up to great tricks.

On one occasion two ladies, visitors to Gibraltar, came back from a walk in high indignation at the rude tricks of some “little boys” who had made faces at them, laughed and giggled at them from behind trees as they passed, and finally had thrown stones at the visitors before running away. I’m sure there is no need to tell you who these “little boys” were discovered to be.

The Apes, on another occasion, seemed to take a dislike to a certain regiment, and in a troop they would come down at quiet moments and steal from the soldiers’ kits. This could not be endured long and a band of men went after them to punish them. They did not think of taking arms, of course, and they were greatly surprised when the Apes attacked them from the top of the hill with large stones that they threw down, to the danger of those on whom they fell. Feeling a little small, the soldiers had to retire. They made up for it, though, for they caught the leader of the troop, shaved him, and sent him back to his friends looking a very pitiable object.

But the friends wouldn’t have him. They turned against the poor creature, who had really been punished for their sins as well as his own, and shrieked and jeered and set on him. In mortal fear, the shorn Ape returned to the soldiers, and lived

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with them as a kind of mascot for the rest of his life. But as to whether the thieving ceased, I do not know.

There is one really interesting tale about the Barbary Apes, though it is very short—a legend, held to be true by all the inhabitants of Gibraltar Rock, that on one occasion the Rock was saved by the Apes. A surprise attack was made upon it by the Spaniards, but the Apes, feeling that something was on foot which *shouldn't* be, gave the alarm by their howling cries. It may be for that reason, or it mayn't be, that nowadays no one may shoot a Barbary Ape, however annoying he may be. He is as safe as the sacred monkeys of India under State control.



CAMELS

IF it were not for the sulky, bad-tempered, stupid Camel, this world would be a great deal worse off than it is. That sounds strange a bit, doesn't it? Still we sometimes meet real *people* who'll do things for us, but who do them in such a horrid, grudging way that we just wish we hadn't got to ask them: those sort of folk are like Camels.

I wish you could see a Pack Camel getting ready to take a traveller across the desert: how angry he feels about the whole matter. Kick goes his fore leg all of a sudden, and if any one is unlucky enough to be standing near, he may be shot a hundred yards off and picked up insensible. "Ha!" goes the Camel, and grins at what he's done then, for that's his idea of a joke. "Ugh!" goes the Camel when he's down on his knees waiting to be loaded, and it will be more than "Ugh!" I can tell you, if he thinks the load's too heavy for him to carry.

A Pack Camel will cry and scream sometimes, and lie between his packages and refuse to move till his baggage is taken off him and lightened. "How cruel you are to a poor orphan!" he seems to say. He'll swear, too, when the timid traveller ventures up on to his back, and snarl very likely if he thinks there's too much fidgeting going on behind in the uncomfortable saddle. After *that*, if the traveller doesn't behave himself, the great beast may turn and bite his foot for him; and it said that when a Camel *does* bite—and he's got a huge mouth and rows of greenish teeth—he *always* takes away the piece.

But it's really a shame to begin with his faults. I've done with them now, for he is almost the most useful animal in the whole wide world. There's any amount of good things to say

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about him, and I'll begin them at once. The "Ship of the Desert" he's been called, as I expect you know. He is as useful to the Arabs as is the reindeer to the Lapps; more useful than the dog is to the Eskimos, or the horse is to us. There are some beasts that simply couldn't be done without, and the Camel is one of them.



For ages and ages people have trained them and made use of them in lots of ways. So long ago did this habit begin that one really cannot find out when it *was* begun, and when there *were* any wild Camels, for this beast does not count as a wild animal any more in the world; and if you are expecting to read stories in this chapter about Camel hunts, I fear you will be disappointed, for there are no such creatures as wild Camels to hunt.

Stay, though; I may as well tell you that in one district

CAMELS

in Central Asia a very few wild Camels are said to exist. But do you know how they came there? Well, that is a story in itself, for, ages ago, so some people believe, their grandfathers and grandmothers were not wild at all; they were useful, trained Camels, who served their masters in the very ancient times. Then a sandstorm arose; so great a sandstorm that whole towns were buried, and the townsfolk all wiped out. Every one perished, except a few of the Camels, who saved themselves and escaped; and the so-called "wild Camels" of to-day are the descendants of those trained beasts of long ago.

I expect you are wondering *how* those Camels saved themselves. Well, the answer to that question would be to give the many reasons why the Camel is such a very useful animal in the countries where he is found. The Arabian Camel lives in lands covered with wide, sandy stretches; not only in Arabia, as you would think from his name, but in parts of Africa, too, where water is scarce, where little herbage grows, where sandstorms are frequent, and where miles and miles of sandy desert sometimes lie between one fresh-water spring and another. Horses would be of no use to the Arabs, who wander from well to well, carrying their belongings with them, or to travellers crossing the deserts on business; for horses would faint under the great heat of the sun, and would die of thirst in a very little while. Indeed they could make no way at all into the desert, for their feet would sink into the dry, burning sand; and they would hardly be able to drag themselves along, let alone the burdens which their masters must carry on every journey.

But now for the *Camel*. Well, first of all, he is of very much the same color as the sandy desert, and if enemies should come along he will look "all of a piece" with the landscape. Then his feet are made in such a wonderful way that the soft

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cushion which lies under his two great toes spreads out when he steps, till, in much the same way that a duck uses his webbed feet, the "Ship of the Desert" passes easily over the sandy country. His neck is long and ugly, but because of that he can see long distances; can scent out water if his master is in need; can gaze afar, too, to where the next patch of prickly, scrubby plants grows, which is the only food that the desert can afford him. Over his eyes hang heavy brows, which shelter him from the dreadful glare of the sun; and his huge teeth are exactly suitable for tackling the coarse desert food; while even his nostrils serve a useful purpose to the beast, since he can close them at will; and should a duststorm overtake him on his march, he can just shut them tight, close his eyes too, and kneeling down, with his master sheltering snugly behind him, can wait until the storm is over.

Well, because they were so wonderfully made, *that* was why the great-grandparents of the so-called "wild Camels" of Central Asia saved their lives, I expect; and hundreds of Camels save their lives in exactly the same way every year. I wish you could see the Arab care for his Camel before he takes him on a long journey. The "Ship of the Desert" may be ill-natured, but he is very much beloved by his master, all the same. Cheery are the songs that he sings to his servant to hasten up his rather jog-trot steps on the march. Many are the pet names that he calls the great, awkward, hulking beast. And oh, the titbits that he bestows upon his useful servant for weeks before each long journey! Balls of barley meal mixed with dates are perhaps the greatest treat, but there is plenty of good food for the Camel; no thistles and prickly shrubs, but luxuriant grasses and good green pasture. Hard work and long strain loom ahead, and the "ship" must be overhauled, stoked up, and set into good working trim.

CAMELS

At these times the Arab looks well to the state of his Camel's hump. Before each journey the hump should be firm and large, for it is neither more nor less than a big accumulation of fat, which will stand him in as good stead through a foodless time as do the extra nuts which the squirrels hoard for the winter through the autumn days, or the extra lining of fat which the opossum secures for himself as a warm winter coat, by stealing as much farmyard produce as he can, in the autumn. Then the Arab looks to the feet of his steed too. If the journey is very long, they may gradually be worn down to the quick; so he supplies the great beast with leather coverings for his toes and the soft yielding cushions of his feet. Water must be taken too—a small quantity to drink at regular hours for weeks before it is time to start, then perhaps a gallon and a half just before the beast is loaded; for the Camel is able to keep part of the water that he drinks as a kind of reservoir for use in the future when there are no wells close at hand. This power of storing his own water is perhaps one of the greatest wonders of this "Ship of the Desert." However useful he might be in other ways, he would fall short of perfection from the Arabs' point of view if he was a thirsty beast for whom it was necessary to carry many water-bags on the march. But he isn't very thirsty, and he carries his own water-store inside. Indeed, some travellers say that in the event of such an adventure as the horrors of thirst overcoming the travellers without means to satisfy it, Arabs have been known to kill their beasts, and to drink the water that will be found in their stomach. Truly, he seems a marvellous chap, doesn't he, and just A1 for his job. Ugly in appearance, very likely, and ugly in manners, certainly; but while "handsome is that handsome does," we must consider him a handsome fellow indeed.

It must be interesting to watch the Pack Camel kneeling

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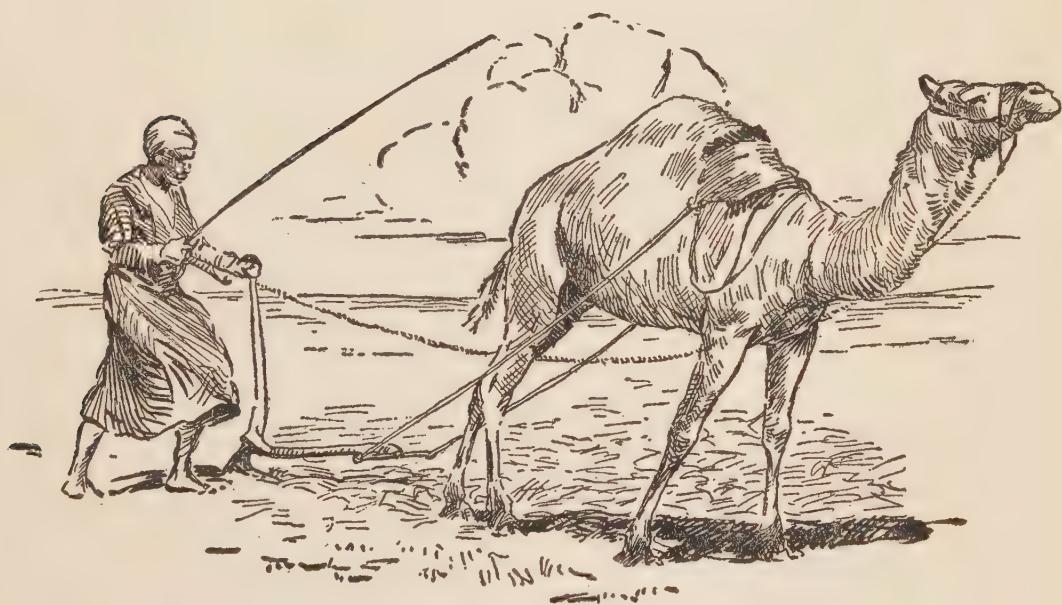
between his packages, while his master races round, calling, gesticulating, and singing as he loads his beast. He does not move, just waits till the baggage is slung equally on both sides; then up he lurches—front legs first, back legs last—with a tremendous heave, and with a load, too, of perhaps from six hundred to a thousand pounds on his great wide back.

But you mustn't think that Camels are born ready and able to serve their masters; there is a great deal of training to be gone through before that. As soon as they are about two years old they are taken in hand and gradually taught how to be useful. Food is given to them in small quantities at stated times; drink is given to them at regular times also; and so they are taught by degrees to go without food or drink for hours and days on end. They are trained as well to kneel at the word of command; to raise themselves again at a shout from their master; to carry a small load at first, and before very long a larger and again a larger load, until the Arabian Camel is able to manage packages of the weight of nearly a thousand pounds.

But Camels are useful in other ways, too. The Dromedaries—one-humped Camels, which are almost always trained to be fleet runners—can carry their masters at a rate of fifty miles per day, drinking no water as they go for five days at a stretch, and keeping up the pace. The Bactrian Camels, which have two humps, and are found in Central Asia, have been taught not only to carry baggage, but to draw artillery. Infantry have been mounted on their backs. The first Camel corps went into action in the Soudan in 1885, and since then these beasts have taken their part in putting down native risings in India, Afghanistan, and Egypt; indeed, the Camel corps is now a permanency so far as the Egyptian army is concerned. Away in Australia, too, the sturdy two-humped Camel has been introduced as a help in exploring the wild wastes of the interior.

CAMELS

And coming again to simple home life, Camels are useful to the natives who own them in ploughing fields. They are often yoked to carts as beasts of burden; and the Arabian Camel, at any rate, acts often as a store from which the family procure their clothes, coverings, food, and drink. For the hair which the beast sheds every year is woven into tent coverings, its skin at death is made into strong water-bags, its flesh is good to eat, and its milk is a nourishing drink; even its dung, so I have read, is used as fuel in districts where there is no other fuel to be had. Camels are pretty useful animals, don't you think?—they almost take my breath away with the loads of different ways in which they seem to help the world along.



KANGAROOS

A NYBODY who wants to see a Kangaroo at home must go to Australia, or to one of the islands in that part of the world, for absolutely nowhere else on the globe do Kangaroos live. A long journey perhaps, but it will be worth while. Captain Cook and his men were the first Britishers who ever set eyes on one, and they were almost as frightened at the strange new beast as they were interested.

It was in 1770: they had put into Botany Bay with their ship, the *Endeavor*, for some repairs; and several of the men started off on a foraging excursion, to see what this new country would afford them in the way of stores. Back, however, they returned almost at once, with faces full of amazement—one of them declaring that he had met the “Devil,” and others telling how they had discovered a perfectly new animal, which was colored like a mouse, but which was of the size and quickness of a greyhound. It is only fair to the Kangaroo to add that the “Devil” was one of the large fruit-eating bats that make their home in Australia; but the mouse-colored find was certainly the Kangaroo, or “Kanguroo” as the natives called it when the sailors pressed them to let them know what might be the strange beast’s name. They were inclined to consider the creature in the light of a treasure, though, before many hours had passed, for, by Captain Cook’s orders, one of the Kangaroos was shot, cut up, cooked, and eaten for Sunday’s dinner, proving a most excellent treat.

Those of us who have seen Kangaroos in the Zoo at one time or another will pretty well understand the surprise of the sailors, for these animals are really so much unlike any others

KANGAROOS

that we know at all. In some ways they seem so awkward and clumsy, with their long hind limbs and their short front legs. When they are resting they sit in very much the same position as a frog does, except, of course, that their backs are held more straight and their fore limbs do not touch the ground. But no one could call the Kangaroo exactly "awkward" who



has seen it leaping along the plains with the help of those two long back legs. It is helped, too, by its tail, which seems to give it balance, somehow. I have heard people say that it is of the same use to the Kangaroo as the tripod is to a standing camera.

What a tremendous rate the leaping Kangaroo goes at, too! Our British foxhounds would not stand the ghost of a chance in an Australian Kangaroo hunt. Indeed a special kind of dog is trained to follow them at such times—a "Kangaroo hound" it is called; and it looks very much like a greyhound

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with a big bushy tail. Kangaroo hunting is common enough in Australia, and for a very good reason—the animal being dreadfully destructive to crops and pasture land. Two Kangaroos eat as much grass as three sheep do, so it is no wonder that in some districts where they are common they are treated just like vermin, and are hunted, shot, poisoned, or killed in large numbers by mounted horsemen, who chase them into enclosures and kill them there.

Every one who has heard anything at all about Kangaroos knows of the safe pouch in which the mother keeps her young ones. Baby Kangaroos come into the world when they are only an inch long, and such wee Hop-o'-my-Thumbs need a safe place if they are to grow up at all. Mother's pouch is very warm and comfortable, and there the baby lives until it is big enough to feed itself. Sometimes, even after it is old enough to hop along and crop grass like its parent, it can be seen jumping in and out of the pouch for a rest, or riding along in the pouch and putting out its little head now and then, as its mother bends down to take a blade of grass, to follow her example.

Mother Kangaroos are very fond of their little ones; hunters tell stories of the way they look after them. On one occasion a hunter set his dog on a Kangaroo who was cropping grass with her young one beside her. Now this young one was growing up, and was really too heavy for its mother to carry; but into her pouch she popped it, and started off at a great rate, quite outstripping the hunter's dog. But it was quite impossible for her to keep up this pace with the extra weight in her pouch, and the mother thought of a good plan: round a corner she hurried, and dropped the baby into a patch of brush. On she went, then faster and faster, until the dog was weary of chasing her, and set off after another victim; *then* she returned to the spot where she had left her baby, picked it up, and carried it

KANGAROOS

off. This habit of the mother Kangaroo is well known to hunters. At first it was thought that the baby was left to take care of itself while the mother hurried on to save her own skin; but every one now agrees that the mother's plan is to hide her baby in a safe place where the dog will not find it, and then to bear the brunt of the danger herself.

But though an animal may be tender and thoughtful for the happiness of its little ones, that does not mean that it will not be very fierce and dangerous with *enemies* who may attack it. The Kangaroo is a very clever fighter, and a Kangaroo hunt may have dire results for some of the dogs that take part in it. Though hunters speak of the Kangaroo as a "stupid" animal, yet it has learned a few pretty good ways of defending itself from its foes. One of these ways is to run towards deep water as soon as the hounds are set on its tracks. With its great leaps it goes over the wide plains at a tremendous pace, and lands splash into a stream. All dogs fight shy of a Kangaroo who does this, for although they can *swim* they are in great danger of being drowned if they follow her.

For her way is to seize with her strong fore feet any dog that comes near enough, and to duck him under the water and hold him there. Struggle he may, but there will be no release if she once seizes him, and many a dog has been drowned in this way. A man was nearly drowned by a Kangaroo too, on one occasion. He was an Irishman who had just settled in Australia, and knowing very little about Kangaroos, he thought one afternoon that he would go out and hunt one. Calling his dog then, he set off, and soon caught sight of a "boomer," or great Kangaroo, about five feet in height. Having once started him, the hunter began to enjoy the fine sport, and so did his dog; but the Kangaroo, not being as new to the game as his pursuer was, tired of it pretty soon, and arranged to be cornered near

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a water-hole. "There we've got him," thought the hunter, a little too soon, and sent his dog into the water after the quarry, with a result that you may guess. The dog was held under water, drowned, and never seen alive again. This infuriated poor Pat. Firing first with no luck, he then jumped into the water-hole himself, "just to bate the brains out of the baste," as he thought, and to his amazement he found himself lifted up, plunged into the water, and held under too. In fact, he would have been drowned outright, had not two passers-by seen the way that the "sport" was going and come to his rescue, beating off the Kangaroo and dragging the half-unconscious Irishman to land.

And the Kangaroo has other neat little ways of revenging itself on its hunters. Its hind legs are remarkably strong, and strongest of all its weapons, perhaps, is its fourth toe; this bears a long, pointed claw, that can be brought into use in times of need. Turning upon pursuers it can use its tail, too, as a very powerful aid, and often dogs are seized up in the great creature's fore feet, and beaten hard with the tail of the infuriated Kangaroo. A dog has sometimes been killed, too, with a single blow from one of the hind feet, or even hugged to death.

Kangaroos sometimes fight with each other too. In the mating season the males test their strength against each other, and box with their front limbs, or leap at each other, biting with their teeth, or scratching at each other with their sharp claws.



GIRAFFES

THE Giraffe has the longest neck of any animal in the world—he is, in fact, the tallest of any living animal too.

It takes some time to imagine a great creature whose head looks down from a height of nearly twenty feet, who is double the height of the biggest elephant, and beside whom one's tallest uncle looks just like a pygmy, doesn't it? So it is just as well that Giraffes are to be seen in pretty nearly ever Zoo, feeding on hay and carrots and grass from from very high racks at the sides of their cages, looking over our heads as though we were too small to be noticed at all, and as though they could see, instead of a lot of wondering British boys, a far-off land of deep forests and sandy stretches, where the acacia trees grow, and the gay mimosa flower scents the air.

This great beast is a native of Africa. Away in that far land live the Giraffes of the South and the northern Giraffes; but it is the southern beasts, with their creamy-yellow coats covered with dusky spots, that we meet in the Zoo. So many of these creatures have been hunted and killed or captured, that they have learned to make their homes, for safety's sake, in the shelter of the deep forests; while their northern brothers, whose ripe chestnut-colored coats are lined with white markings, still run over the sandy plains in groups, happy and free.

It seems a shame to hunt the Giraffe; he does no harm to any one; he feeds on no native crops; he steals no farm produce; he attacks nobody; and his favorite food is the thorny mimaso tree, which nobody wants particularly. But, for all that, he is not left in peace. The southern Giraffe is run down by the native Arabs for the sake of his hide, which is sold for

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a few pounds to be made up into "sjamboks"—the colonial whips; his flesh is eaten, and the roasted marrow-bones of a Giraffe are supposed to be a great African delicacy. But these reasons do not seem sufficient for hunting any animal, do they? and very few true sportsmen go out after these big game, who make no fight and die without a sound or cry. Indeed, more than one hunter has written of the sadly-surprised look in the



tender and beautiful eyes of a dying Giraffe, and registered a vow to hunt no more of them.

Still, stories of Giraffe-hunting by natives are common enough. If an Arab wants to sell you a particularly fleet horse, his greatest recommendation is to tell you that it can "run down a Giraffe." Native tales are told, too, of how the great beast will kick up stones at his pursuers to hinder them when they are close behind; how a herd of these beasts will emit the most lovely or musk-like perfume; how it is difficult to hunt them in sandy places, because they can go so much longer without water than can their pursuers; how a bullet aimed near the root of its tail will bring the beast down. All these hunting

GIRAFFES

anecdotes are interesting, of course, but—well, the life of the gentle Giraffe at home seems somehow more interesting to me.

The Giraffe was intended to be a desert animal. He can go for many days without water, like a camel; he can close his nostrils at will, like the camel again, and so can protect himself from the peril of desert sand storms; his walk is the same kind of ambling trot that we notice when a ride on the "ship of the desert" in the Zoo makes us pretty nearly as seasick as though we were on board a real ship on a rough sea, for in the case of both these animals the two feet on the same side of the body are put forward together, so that a lurching walk is the result. He kneels like a camel at sleeping-time, too, and this may be some kind of protection against sand storms at night. But changes came slowly, slowly; Giraffes began to be hunted, and gradually learned to take cover in the forests among thick foliage. Now the southern Giraffe makes use of that power of his to close his nostrils at will when he wishes to avoid the sharp thorns of the mimosa. The color of his coat, which protected his ancestors on the golden desert sand under the blinding sky, protects him still as he shelters beside the gay mimosa tree as background, and stands unnoticed, be the native hunters ever so near. By the help of his long neck, which he can throw back, he reaches the highest branches of his favorite trees; by the help of his long and useful tongue, which is almost as sensitive and clever as the elephant's trunk, he can choose out the smallest leaves and shoots, leave the thorns behind, and eat the tit-bits which he may happen to delight in. He has adapted himself to the ways of a forest life, and he only asks to be left alone there. A lion may come, and he will fight it, kicking out with his hind legs at such a terrific rate that the eyes of a looker-on couldn't follow his movements; but he has no defence ready for use against man.

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Until recent years, Giffares were thought to be very lonely sorts of creatures, with no relations at all; they seemed to be a family by themselves, though there were certain likenesses between them and other beasts, of course. To cheer them up a bit, perhaps, in their solitude, they were sometimes called "camelopards"—which name you may come across in old books—because in some ways they resembled camels, and their markings at the same time reminded hunters of a leopard's spots. There were certain likenesses, too, between the Griaffes and sheep, or deer, or oxen; still, there was no distinct family to which the tallest animal in the world could be said to belong,

so for a very long time the Giraffe family was said to be a family all by itself.

And then, away in the forests of Central Africa, where the tiny pygmy men live, a hunter discovered the bones of a smaller beast which the natives called an "okapi." A kind of "short-necked Giraffe" it was, feeding in the deep forests and living near the unhealthy swamps where few white men dare go, with legs and body like a deer, and striped about the legs like a zebra. Here was the missing link between the families!



ZEBRAS

AWAY in South Africa lives the "tiger horse." Probably you have heard of him under quite a different name, for he is generally spoken of as the Zebra; but the "tiger horse" is a very good word, as it describes this beast so well. His stripes are quite as beautiful and as marked as are those of the tiger of the jungle. Silver white is the body color of the mountain Zebra, and his stripes are thick and black over his body, his head, and his limbs: right down as far as his hoofs the ribboned lines go. Only his under parts and his muzzle (which is colored a bright brown) are free of the markings.

So much for the *tiger* characteristics of the Zebra. It is only fair to the timid creature, who spends most of his life in seeking for quiet grazing grounds, to add that he is not in the very least like the tiger of the jungle in any other way. High on the hill precipices of South Africa live the mountain Zebras. Other Zebras of the plain travel in herds away north of the Orange River, often joining in friendly force with troops of antelopes, ostriches, and buffaloes in a search for fresh water and pastures new. They are inoffensive beasts, one of whose strongest characteristics, perhaps, is their great love of liberty and freedom.

This love of liberty is so very strong that it is almost impossible to train a Zebra. The "tiger horse" of the mountains, though it is as sure footed as an Arab steed, and as fleet and beautiful in form, is yet of little use to man as a servant because of its independent spirit. And of what great use it *could* be made if it would only submit to training! For its hard hoofs

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are suited to the worst of ground; it is strong and enduring enough to be of great importance in the carrying of transports; and, last but not least, it can travel unharmed through those unhealthy tracts of tropical Africa where, so far, trade routes have never been able to be made, and where horses dare not venture on account of the ravages of the deadly tsetse fly. "This matchless horse" would be the "true pearl of every caravan," writes a poet.

But I do not mean, of course, that no single Zebra has ever been trained. Boer farmers used to make a practice of snaring Zebra foals, either to ship over to Mauritius for trade purposes, or to train up with their own sheep as "watch-dogs" against the ravages of hyenas. These Zebras of the plains are far less wary, and so less difficult to capture, than their fierce mountain brothers. A pair of the striped steeds used to draw a carriage in the Jardin d'Acclimatisation in Paris; Lord Rothschild drove a double pair in tandem; and I have read in an old book that a "curricles" drawn by Zebras might be occasionally seen "among the equipages in the gay season in Hyde Park, as subservient to the curb and whip as any well-trained horse."

There is a very interesting reason why the mountain, or "true," Zebra is more difficult to manage than his brother of the plains. This mountain variety of the family, besides being a "tiger horse," has many characteristics of the donkey. Its mane is short and thick, and upstanding like a donkey's. Its hoofs and its tail are much like the hoofs



ZEBRAS

and tail of the donkey. Its ears are longer than the ears of a horse, and its temper, too, seems to have the very donkey-like traits of obstinacy and intractability. In fact, the mountain Zebra is "more ass like than horse like" in very many ways.

It must be a grand sight to watch a troop of these beautiful creatures away high on the mountains. A hunter writes of them as "haughty troops difficult of approach, as well on account of their watchful habits, and extreme agility and fleetness of foot, as from the abrupt and inaccessible nature of their highest abode." "The least alarm," writes another, "will send a whole herd scampering off, with ears pricked up and tails whisking, to inaccessible retreats." While a third writer tells that the troop will often feed "under special charge of a sentinel, so posted in some adjacent crag as to command a view of every avenue of approach. If a note of alarm be sounded, pricking their long ears, the whole flock hurry forward to ascertain the nature of the approaching danger: and having gazed for a moment at the advancing hunter, whisking their brindled tails aloft, helter skelter away they thunder, down craggy precipices and over yawning ravines."

But the big-game hunters do not often choose out the Zebras to be the victims of their sport, except in such sad case as befell Captain Gibbons on one occasion, when, his stores having been stolen by bush-boys, he shot a pair of Zebras for food. Zebra meat is *very* fat; it is considered a delicacy by the lion, who often follows a herd over the plains for days in the hopes of satisfying his appetite. The natives, too, enjoy the meat; but to the European taste the thick yellow fat is almost disgustingly rich, although a recipe for frying it with bacon is said to result in a fairly palatable dish.

Few stories of Zebras are to be found, but there is one anecdote worth telling. It is of a mountain Zebra who left the

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fastnesses of the hills of his own accord, and came down to attach himself to a drove of donkeys on a South African farm. This did not suit one of the male donkeys of the party, however; he turned fiercely and attacked the newcomer, seizing the Zebra by the back of his neck and holding him fast with his teeth until the farmer came to the rescue. The intruder was released and captured, and here at last seemed an opportunity for the taming of a true Zebra of the mountains. But the captive would take no food nor drink. Very soon it died of unhappiness; its remains were sent to one of the museums in Cape Colony, and there they may still be seen.



BUFFALOES

IS there any animal who is a match for the King of the Beasts? Is there one with whom the fiercest tiger would rather not fight? Yes, the Buffalo!

There are Buffaloes to be found in many different parts of the world. Far away in the forests of Central Africa they wander in wild herds. In India they are to be found wallowing in the muddiest of the jungle pools all through the heat of the day, or drifting lazily down stream with the current of some river. But perhaps the best known of all the tribe is the American Buffalo, which, to be quite correct, should be called a Bison and not a Buffalo at all; for with the great hump over its fore-shoulders, and with its rounded horns, it is very different in appearance from its wild relations of the Old World.

It must be an exciting experience to have to deal with one of the wild Buffaloes of Africa. The natives say that they would far rather meet a rhinoceros or a lion; and travellers have told terrible tales of the fierce rage of the bull leaders of the herds. But every one seems to agree that to meet a solitary Buffalo is the worst experience of all. For sometimes Buffalo bulls leave their herd to wander alone; and to meet one of these furious creatures is about as risky an experience as the most adventurous hunter could wish for.

A sportsman, who was in search of a herd of Buffaloes, and had had little luck, became separated from his party, and found himself on a wide, open plain. He was just thinking that he was in for a very dull time of it, when he found that the opposite was the case. For towards him, at a tremendous

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gallop, came a solitary Buffalo. It had hidden itself behind a tree—as these fierce creatures often do—and now it came headlong towards its victim, bellowing horribly, and tearing up the ground with its feet, while it lowered its great sharp horned head. Quick as thought the sportsman looked round for a tree.



If he could reach one and climb up, then he knew that he would be safe to shoot the wild beast from its branches; but there was no tree within a hundred yards, and he would not have time to reach it before the Buffalo would be upon him. There seemed no way of escape. There was, however, just one chance in a thousand: if he took careful aim at the approaching monster he might wound it, and thus gain time; so he cocked his rifle.

Bang! he had aimed at the great beast's forehead as it came

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within a few yards of where he stood; then he fell flat on his face, expecting that his last hunt was over. But his luck had held. With a fearful bellow the beast swerved, and, leaving its victim, made its way towards the river beyond, where it fell dead on the bank, with a bullet through its brain.

So much for an adventure with an African Buffalo. In India the Buffaloes are fierce enough, too, in their wild state, but they are capable of being tamed and trained by the native herdsmen for use in all kinds of farm work. It is quite a common sight, indeed, to see a whole herd of these Buffaloes taken down to some jungle stream in the heat of the day by no more powerful driver than a small native boy perched up on the back of the Buffalo leader. No one need be afraid to go into the deepest part of the jungle if he be with the Buffalo herd, for even a fierce tiger will hesitate before he dares to come near to his dreaded enemy of the huge, sharp horns.

The American Bison is not by any means such a fierce beast as the wild Buffalo of the tropics. Years ago, before the railway was carried across the great wild stretches of the New World, whole herds of them wandered in their thousands from east to west, from sea to sea, through the forests, through the prairies; the wide plains were black with moving companies of Bison. But the coming of the railway has meant the disappearance of the American Buffalo. In the olden days it was only the Red Man who hunted him, but with the opening up of the country the White Man has proved his enemy. By the Red Man the Bison was killed for the flesh which gave food; for the fat which gave light by night; for the skin which gave clothing, tent-covering, and moccasins; for the horn which gave spoons and eating vessels. Even the sinews were twisted into bow-strings and thread by the Red Man, who made glue from the Bison's hoofs, and carved his bones into battle-clubs. But it was

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different with the "pale-face" hunter. Whole herds of Buffaloes were killed by him for the sake of their hides alone, or for "sport." There is even a story of an Irish baronet who camped in the Wild West for two years, and whose "bag" at the end of that time consisted of two thousand five hundred Buffaloes; and there are many other such stories too. So it is not very surprising to know that of the many millions of wild Buffaloes that roamed the plains before the railway came, there now remain only a few thousand.

The Red Man must have had exciting times when he hunted Buffalo in the olden days. His plan sometimes was to pursue his quarry on horseback, armed with nothing more deadly than his bow and quiver of arrows. Sometimes he would drive a whole herd before him into an enclosed pound of tree trunks prepared beforehand, or even over the side of some steep precipice. At other times he would clothe himself in the skin of a white wolf, and, helped by this clever bit of camouflage, would make his way quite close to the herd, when he would select some particularly fine prey and attack it by means of his bow and arrow, finishing up the piece of work with



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his sharp hunter's knife. Then in winter-time he would follow the Buffalo trail over the snow stretches. In specially made snowshoes he would glide easily along after the huge, floundering Bisons, who found it terribly difficult, on account of their size and bulk, to make their way through the great deep drifts.

A cowboy had an exciting experience with a fierce Bison bull. With a party he had been hunting on foot for Buffalo, and at last they had come to windward of a herd feeding quietly not far away. Making towards the quarry at the signals of his friends, who were nearer the direction than was he, the cowboy did not realize that still closer at hand, under the shelter of some bush, was a young calf hardly able to walk, and protected by a Buffalo bull. A bull will rarely attack a man except when it has been wounded, or when it is acting as protector to a newborn calf. In this case it scented the White Man, and with a roar of rage came forward, apparently meaning to avenge a possible attack on the Baby Bison.

Taken unawares, without cover of any sort, and on the wrong side of the wind, the cowboy had only one course. He went down on one knee and took aim quickly, before the furious beast should be upon him. His bullet entered the beast's chest and brought him down; but he was up again immediately, more furious than ever, tearing up the ground, bellowing and roaring in his rage. A second bullet found its home in his knee joint, however, crippling him; while a third finished him off, and he rolled over, stone dead, just as another of the hunting party ran up to take a part in the sport. By this time the rest of the herd had made off, disturbed by the sound of the shots, and the Baby Bison, left alone, proved an easy spoil. Following its captors home, it was reared without any more difficulty than if it had been a farmyard calf.

ELK AND MOOSE

THE very largest deer in all the world are the Moose: their other name is Elk, but both stand for exactly the same kind of animal. I shall use the name "Moose" in this chapter; the very word tells something about them, for "moosu" is an old word that means "to trim" or "to cut smooth."

That is exactly how the Moose finds its food. It trims and cuts smooth the young leaves and low branches of the forest trees of Northern Europe and of North America where it lives. It doesn't live so far north as the reindeer, though. You could have guessed that for yourselves by its very name "Moose," for there *are* no trees to trim so far north as where the reindeer live, if you remember; they sometimes have to live on moss for a good part of the year. Well, the Moose doesn't; it couldn't live at all unless there were plenty of tree branches at hand.

I expect you are wondering why it must eat branches, and why it doesn't crop grass like its cousin deer. That is because of its short neck and its long legs.

The Moose is, I think, the most awkward of all the different kinds of deer in the world. For they have such very long legs and such very short necks, they can't reach down at all comfortably for that reason to feed from the ground while they are standing; and as they *have* to be standing, so that they may be ready to run at an instant's notice if danger comes their way, they feed almost altogether from the branches of the trees.

It seems strange, when one remembers in how many ways the wild beasts are fitted by nature for the homes in which they live, to think that a creature which spends so much time in the forests should have such large horns—and the horns of the

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Moose are really tremendous. Only the males have them, but they make up with the size of *their* antlers, I think, for those which the female Moose go without. They are not born with horns, of course. When the baby deer is about nine months old, the little tips begin to sprout out; but the growth goes on after that for about fourteen years, and by the end of that time the "head" of a full-grown Moose deer may weigh sixty pounds, and measure five feet across from tip to tip. When it has to race from an enemy in the forest, we would expect it to get hung up by these great branching horns; but that does not happen, for it just lays them flat down across its back, and races ahead with its muzzle held high.

You noticed the word "race," did you? Well, the Moose can race tremendously fast because of these very long legs that make it look so clumsy. They may be a bother when the animal finds that it can't crop the grass properly on account of them, but they're useful enough when it wants to escape from some foe. Its horns, too, come into play when there are enemies about; with their help the Moose can kill a wolf at a single blow. The bull Moose fight with each other, too, sometimes, using their antlers as weapons, and kicking out with their feet. Indeed, in the mating season terrible fights take place, so very terrible that both combatants may be found dead at the end of the conflict with their horns still entwined. As for *man*, the Moose will very rarely attack him, for it is as timid as every other kind of deer; except in the mating season, and then it is jealous and angry with every one, and a meeting with a bull Moose at close quarters *then* is likely to be a pretty adventurous time for any one.

But if you think that there are no Moose hunts now you are very much mistaken. In Scandinavia, where the deer are usually called Elk, they are hunted by dogs which are specially

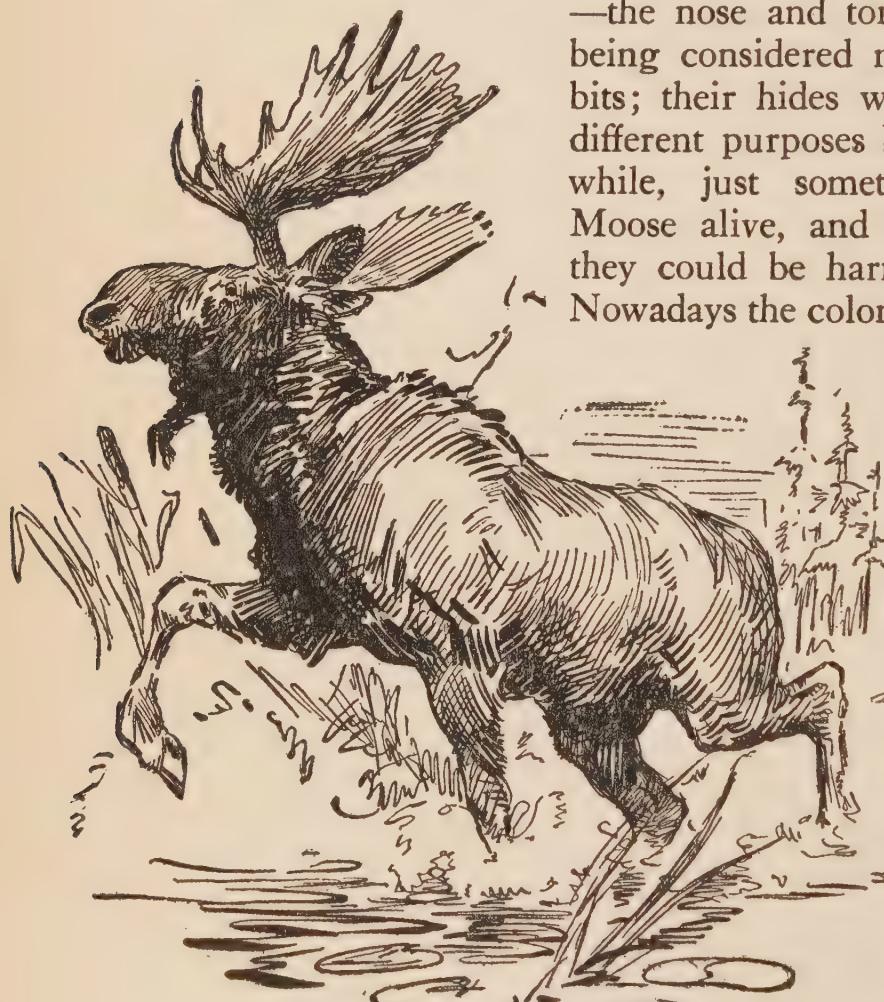
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trained for the sport, and as many as forty-nine head have been killed at a royal hunt. The North American Indians, too, have hunted Moose for centuries; and Canadian settlers and sportsmen hunt them also, having learned from the Indian woodsmen various ways of tracking, trapping, and shooting the big game.

Why is the Moose hunted? Well, in the early days the Indians followed the deer chiefly for food. Their flesh is good

—the nose and tongue of the beast being considered most delicious tit-bits; their hides were used too, for different purposes by the Red Men; while, just sometimes, they took Moose alive, and trained them till they could be harnessed to sledges. Nowadays the colonists have different

reasons for hunting Moose. They find the ravages of the beasts a considerable trial, for they may work terrible havoc among the young plantations of fruit trees by munching of the new boughs and shoots. When these deer set to



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work upon an orchard, first they charge at a tree, and bend it down so that they can reach the leaves easily; then the leaves are stripped off with the help of their great broad and overhanging upper lips; and then the next tree is attacked, and so on. But the colonists sometimes hunt also for the sake of the flesh. Moose meat either dried or fresh, is used for food by the White Man in these days, and very good it is.

There are several ways of hunting Moose besides snaring them, which, by the way, is not really true sport at all, any more than the practice of trapping rabbits or young birds can be called sport. When Moose are snared, a noosed rope is sometimes fastened to a tree near a gap in the bushes through which the deer are likely to pass to their home; for, just like the wild rabbits in our country, the Moose has his regular "roads." Still, as I said, Moose snaring is *not* sport—often the victim suffers prolonged pain before it dies, its meat and hide being rendered quite unfit for use sometimes owing to its struggles to escape; so I may as well tell you more about the regular ways of hunting these deer.

The three best-known ways are called "Creeping," "Calling" and "Running" the Moose. To "creep Moose" is to track them through the snow, searching for their spoor in the frozen forests. The sportsman needs tremendous patience, and great powers of endurance. It is, for us, not easy to imagine how perishingly cold it must be to creep stealthily and slowly along through snow-covered country in search of the big game. The Indians put up with the perils and privations, though, and sometimes get a good "head" or two of Moose in return. And good "heads" they are, too, at this time of year, for it is in November, when the snow lies very deep that the bull Moose's antlers are finest and best. I have read that there are many disappointments in this kind of hunting. For instance, a hunter,

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who managed on one occasion to find the track of a fine deer just at nightfall, rolled himself up in his rug, and slept till morning in the snow, forgetting the bitter cold in his delight at the thought that to-morrow would bring him the light to follow his Moose tracks. On the morrow, however, there was no such good luck; the weather appeared to be in league with the hunted rather than with the hunter: the Moose tracks were covered over with a thick coating of snow, and the trail was lost.

A wild excitement for the "creeping" hunter is to come across a "Moose yard." When snow begins to fall, it is the habit for a bull Moose to choose out a spot in the forest where plenty of his favorite tree-food is to be found, and to invite several female Moose to share the home with him. The company then tread all the snow round their "yard" into a kind of high wall of embankment, and they live secure within, having plenty to eat; and with very little to fear, since wolves and other wild enemies are not likely to risk attacking a herd of Moose together.

But there is plenty to fear if the secret of the winter home is discovered by man; for the victims cannot escape from their high-walled retreat, and they are an easy prey for the hunters as they stand there at bay.

"Running Moose" is a kind of hunting that takes place later on in the season, when the snow is very deep indeed, and when the first half-thaws of spring have frozen again, so that a kind of icy coat lies on the top of the drifts. If the hunter has the luck to "start" a deer at this time of year, he is quite certain to make sure of his game. For though the hoof of the Moose is shaped so as to give it a foothold in the snow, the animal finds great difficulty in making its way at any kind of speed through the half-frozen ice-crusted drifts; and a hunter, following hard on snowshoes by means of which he can glide

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easily along, very soon outstrips his Moose, and being armed with a gun, can soon make short work of it.

Perhaps the Indians' way of "calling the Moose" is the most interesting and thrilling of all the methods by which this kind of deer is hunted. The Red Man is able, very cleverly, to imitate the note of the Moose; and after camping for the night in a likely spot, at the right time of the year, he proceeds in the early morning to make for himself a strange kind of trumpet from birch bark and fir, which he terms a "call." With this in his hand he climbs a tree, and having gained a hidden place amongst the branches, he holds the "call" to his lips, and begins to utter the strangest noise. "Quooo-ooooh! Qu-oo-oooor!" he goes, imitating almost exactly, so it is said, the voice of the bull Moose.

When he has called for a time there is pretty certain to be a reply. When he has answered this reply by another call, most probably a Moose will come into view, making its way towards the caller and answering as it comes. Now, as it draws nearer, is the Red Man's moment: his gun will be ready; not an instant must be wasted. Descending from his tree he goes to meet the great game, and if he has good luck and keeps his nerve, and fires at the one and only right moment, a fine deer may fall to his "bag." If not, there are chances that he may be attacked by the great fierce horns of a bull Moose, or that the big game may make off unwounded into the fastnesses of the forest, to be seen no more.

Tenderfoots don't have much luck generally in such hunting; it is usually the wily Indian, who has spent all his life in the woods and can imitate the exact note of the call and track the right beasts, that brings the hunt to a successful finish. There was a White Man once, however, of whom a story is told.

Having, I suspect some great idea of the efficacy of "be-

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ginner's luck" (or else being jolly cocksure), he thought he would see if *he* couldn't "call" and get a fine bull Moose to his gun. Accordingly he began to practise the call out in the woods, and hardly had the note left his lips than a great bull Moose was upon him.

Such right-down good luck was a bit unexpected. It occurred to the would-be hunter suddenly that there may be too much of a good thing sometimes: his gun was not ready, and utterly taken aback, he fired at random just as the Moose sprang at him. After that—well, he wasn't very sure what *did* happen; but he was picked up some hours after quite unconscious and very badly bruised indeed, with the marks of the beast's noted fore-leg kick on his back. Fortunately his skull had escaped, so that he was left alive to tell the tale if he *wanted* to tell it; but I should rather think that he spent most of his energies for the next little while in learning the proper way to hunt Moose from the Red Men of the woods.



REINDEER

REINDEER have been called the "Camels of the North," not because they are in the very least like camels to look at, of course. There are very many differences indeed between the great humped, long necked desert animals and the horned little deer of snowy lands. There are reasons for the name though, all the same.

Yes, just as camels are the most important friends that the wandering Bedouins possess in life, carrying these Arabs and their loads on long journeys; existing with little food, and taking their own store of water, in death providing their masters with meat, clothes, and tents, and all kinds of necessaries—so the Reindeer is to the little Lapp his "cow, sheep, ox, and ass rolled into one."

It is wonderful, really to think of the cleverness of the Laplanders in falling back on the Reindeer as the only possible help for a livelihood that their cold country could provide. The brave tribes of these little people would have died out altogether long ago, most likely, if they hadn't made use of the "Camel of the North" to help them to exist. For ages Reindeer have been trained to be useful to man, though no one knows exactly, of course, how the idea started in the minds of such savage folk as those long-ago tribes. Perhaps one day, ages ago, a herd of Reindeer may have been taken wild in the forest, and have proved to be too many for even the hungry sportsman to finish at a meal. Perhaps then the happy idea came into some one's head that they might keep one or two of their victims until a time of necessity, as a kind of "living storehouse." Perhaps the "living storehouse" was not needed for eating purposes quite

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at once, becoming instead a family pet. From such a beginning as that the idea of other "pets" of this kind might have arisen in the minds of the long-ago folk, and the training of such family pets as a help to their masters would have been likely, gradually to follow. Perhaps, too—but any one can put the story together himself. "Perhapses" are interesting to work out, and some of them are sometimes really true; anyhow we know that by some means or other the Reindeer have become



very useful indeed to the Lapps. One can't write about the one without writing about the other and although this chapter is supposed to be written about the Reindeer, it will certainly have to include the Lapps as well.

The Lapps have no houses. Where the Reindeer go, the family has to follow, carrying tents, or pitching huts on its travels, for in some ways the good beasts are the masters of their owners. In the summer they make for the coast mountains where they must live during the warm season of the year if they are to keep well. Mosquito flies attack them badly, and

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it is no uncommon sight to see the whole herd of Reindeer rush headlong into the waves, so I have read, when they at last reach the coast attended by their owners. They feed at this time of year on grass and shoots of the willow and birch trees, and when they are once settled for the summer on a spot where there is plenty of eat within range, their masters feel settled too for a time. But not for long, for the winter comes quickly, and all through the cold freezing weather the Reindeer must travel, always searching for its food. This consists of the Reindeer moss, a kind of lichen, which grows perhaps to a foot in height during the hot weather, but which, in winter-time, lies hidden in the deep snows, as far, sometimes, as six feet under ground. With the help of their antlers, whatever its depth, the Reindeer will find it, scraping with their feet, using their nostrils and foreheads too, which are covered with hard skin. They at last bring the search to a successful finish; then they are off again, when that store is done, to other districts where the moss may be discovered.

If you were to ask a Laplander how rich he was—it would be a horribly rude question, of course, but he would probably be quite pleased to answer it—he would at once have to count up his Reindeer before he could answer you, for all the Lapps count their riches in that way, you know, and not by the amount of money they possess. Some very rich Lapps have five thousand of the deer. Two hundred deer will support a family nicely, and if there could be a family that possessed no deer at all, they would soon die of hunger and cold.

For from the Reindeer's hair the people's clothes are made; his milk is their drink; their boots are made of his skin, so are their tent coverings; while from his sinews are made the tent cords. His fat gives them light by night; his flesh is, of course, their meat; and even from his horns and his bones a great many

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useful articles are made that they could scarcely do without. Of course the great Reindeer owners sell some of their herds and gain money that way. But the Lapps are said not to keep their money very long. Unfortunately, if they have any, they are likely to spend it in spirit; so they are far wiser if they just keep sufficient Reindeer for their own needs, and travel round the country as their grandfathers used to do.

But the Reindeer in the world are not all tame. Even the trained deer of the travelling Lapp has its fierce fits at seasons



of the year, when "Master" has to jump out of the sledge, turn it upside down, and wait a bit until his servant ceases to want to attack him; and there are really wild, untrained Reindeer too. These are larger than their brothers who have been servants of men for so many ages, though in other ways their appearance is much the same. Heavy-looking and strong they are, with branching antlers, and with hair that is long and grayish brown in color through the cold winter months, but shorter and sooty colored in the summer-time. Their legs are short and thick, too; and their hoofs grow in a way that enables them to race easily over ice and snow. Hunters of wild Reindeer have had

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luck with them both in Lapland and in the far north of America, where the Cariboo Reindeer are found; but the fearlessness of the beasts makes their capture rather tame sport.

For these deer will come up to gaze at the hunter with large innocent eyes, and do not seem afraid even of the noise of his rifle. One sportsman who had tracked a troop of five deer shot four of them in turn with a bullet from each of his four chambers; and then—well, he really grew a little disgusted and bored with such easy kind of sport, and left the fifth deer alone, although it seemed quite willing and even anxious to be killed, and stood eyeing the hunter with eager friendliness for some time.



CHAMOIS

HERE used to be an old saying, that sportsmen who went in pursuit of the wild boar should take with them their surgeon to dress their wounds; that those who hunted the bear should take a chaplain "to administer the last rites;" but that those who dared to ascend snowy heights after the Chamois might leave their chaplain at home to pray for them, and only take the surgeon to collect their bones! This gives some idea of what perils there are for a sportsman who goes out hunting Chamois on the mountains.

But they are perils of quite a different kind from those that the hunter of big game expects to meet in the great jungles and forests and deserts of the world. The little Chamois has no weapons of defence that it can use against man: no great tusks or sharp tearing teeth; it is far weaker than the hunter, and its only safety lies in running away. And so it has learned through many generations to know how to make the best use of its powers. It has learned to listen and watch for enemies, and to fly from them when they appear; it has learned to leap over huge crevasses and down from great heights, to scale high and almost inaccessible cliffs as it hurries to regions where the hunter dare not follow it. *That* is the secret which the Chamois knows —the secret which makes the hunting of even such a little defenceless creature a perilous adventure: it has learned to take refuge in places where danger attends the efforts of any enemy who may try to follow.

But where man is concerned, the fiercer the danger the more thrilling the sport, and the little Chamois is not secure even in the high fastnesses of its snowy refuge. Other enemies

CHAMOIS

may have been left behind—the wolf and the bear, the wild cat and the lynx—but man will not be outdone. It is a far cry from the days when his weapon was a spear-javelin, aimed at a browsing herd, to these times of rifle-shooting; but never has the sport died out, and as a result, there are fewer of the Chamois to be seen on the European mountains. Amongst the Caucasus they are free enough still; but up in the Swiss Alps and among the Pyrenees, where in other days herds of a hundred or more drifted happily from pasture to pasture, only small companies of them five to twenty are to be found.

The baby Chamois are generally born under the shelter of some overhanging rock, and just for a little while they are rather tottery and unused to their four legs, but before their first birthday is over they can follow their mother. She cares for them well, leading them about and teaching them to run, and in a few days they seem to be almost as interpid and daring as the grown-ups. They are very playful too; baby Chamois gambol and dance about as merrily as children, playing tricks on each other, kicking up their heels and scampering, and probably learning by their games (as all other young creatures do) ever so many useful things. They are little yellowish creatures, lighter in the color of their coats than their mother, who is wearing her dark-brown shaggy winter covering, with its long hairs, when they are born. Even her summer coat of grayish brown—for which she is nearly ready—is darker than the fur of the new little kids; but, as she explains, they will be grown-up Chamois some day themselves if they behave well, with darker coats and horns with hooks at the end, and have all kinds of clever ways with them.

“What kinds of clever ways?” ask the kids. Then they are told of the wise manner in which the herds protect themselves from danger; of the knowledge that they all possess of the best

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herbs to eat, and of the places where these herbs may be found. "Often you'll only get lichen and withered grass in the winter-time, of course," says the mother. "But we must not be greedy,

for what lovely twigs of young willow and juniper rhododendron we get from the summer pastures."

"Summer pastures?" ask the kids, twitching their ears and hopping about. "What are they?"

"They're up above the snow-line," says their mother; "up on the highest peaks, and among the glaciers where the enemy daren't come. There we lie in the snow, and even then we're sometimes too warm for comfort; and there are salt stones up there for us to lick, and—but we never forget the enemy, you know."

"The enemy?" asks the kids, prancing about and poking at each other with their heads.

"Well, there's the golden eagle," says their mother in a whisper, looking round; "and you must grow up fast, for she likes fat kids. Then, when you *are* grown up, there's just *one* enemy, and that's—man!"

"Man?" ask the kids, nearly falling down a precipice in their eagerness.



CHAMOIS

"He comes with his fire-stick," says the mother, "and he mounts and mounts—but oh, so slowly!" She gives a little laugh. "But we are watching: we post sentinels while we feed; and when the sentinel whistles, away we fly, up, up, up! till I'm sure the enemy must be dizzy with watching us. But he is brave; he comes on."

"Does he catch us?" ask the kids, beginning to look over their shoulder and lift their ears.

"No, no, no! not often; but he is clever. Still, he can't run over the ice as we can. Look at your hoofs, and see how hollow they are and how sharply edged. Well, *his* are different! We can outrun him, and we can leap; we can mount where he cannot. And some folk say that the mountain goblins help us too," whispers their mother; "for they sometimes send bangs and lights in the sky while he is hunting us; and they sometimes pelt him with stones and sometimes they send a sliding snow-carpet to cover him and kill him. That's what the old Chamois used to say that the goblins did."

"Goblins?" asked the kids; but by this time their eyes are growing so big that their mother thinks there have been enough of questions. "Away we'll go to the herd," she says; "you have plenty of time, my dears."

Yes, there is plenty of time, but there are plenty of lessons for the kids to learn too. They wonder a little, when they begin to feed with the rest of the herd, to see one old female Chamois standing apart on a high spot, eating nothing, but looking all around. They wonder still more when suddenly she gives a whistling cry (quite unlike the usual comfortable, bleating sound), and stamps her fore-feet angrily and hard. They wonder most when the whole herd throw up their heads and flee away, away, away! up, up, and up! and their mother calls to them to do the same, leaving the nice bitter plant that they were

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just enjoying. "That was *man!*" pants the mother, when at last she and they are balanced on a high crag far amongst the snows.

Then they have a narrow escape on the day when a party of hunters encircles the herd as it feeds, and presses in closer and closer very, very slowly. The leader of the herd was killed that day by a bullet shot, and the rest did not know what to do. Hither and thither they ran, forgetting in the fright to try to escape; and many of them were shot down. "Now you see," said the mother to her kids, "how careful you must be. Remember that story which I am always telling of the Chamois who was followed and followed by a hunter to the highest peak that man has ever been known to reach. And then, because the Chamoix couldn't go any higher, rather than die he leaped right down on to the man!"



